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SUNDAY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
That I've hidden for years
Where no one can view;
But a crown, now doubled
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Every Company K."

The lead that it stiffened
Needs shelter on shore,
Dead brows make holy
The relics they wore;
So a wreath hangs waiting
This hero's sad bed,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked "Co. K."

Far eyes have looked stanchly
Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the Reaper
In the harvest it flanked,
Yet the scatter-rail dragges
Go unheeded by;
Here, forward in danger,
Went "Co. K."

Where feelings relentless
Come up to the town,
Where respect and justice
Looked fearfully down;
Who, closing up brawlers,
Yet kept on their way,
Till plow downward pointing
Faced "Co. K."

Like citizens fearful
Blood cannot wind,
Till the signal was given
To strike off a proof
Of the zeal of the soldier,
To send up to Him,
Of whose love we know them
Though lowly and dim,
Who fathered our footsteps,
Who showed our harborage,
Where fire was needful,
Where bolts—the broke!
Oh ask it of History,
Ask Truth,
And the record shall tell you,
Not Lies,
That our daylights sleeping
Were watched by the few
And restless and true;
Blouse over his head,
I earth, let 'Tis saying
As I lay it away,
That "Co. K" was faithful
Lollowed "Co. K."

THE WRECKED STEAMER.

A TALE OF 1859.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,
AUTHOR OF "THE HARROW BRAVE," "EL ARCO BLAU," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

Tantalized by hope which still failed of fruition, Howard had, long listening to the sleigh of his horse, which seemed now to approach and now to recede from him, while he vainly strained his eyes to catch a sight of the animal through the surrounding gloom.

He saw him at last, and, riding quietly, he advanced towards him, when Balda, who had been fidgeting the wounded stump, also suddenly arose and came forward, followed by all his men.

"He has called his horse! He is running away!" said the leader of the bandits loudly, as Belmont leaped upon the back of his steed. "Fire! Fire!"

Three rifles were discharged almost simultaneously, and Felix, rearing and emitting a sound not unlike a human scream, dashed forward and away from his enemies, but not before his rider had emptied all the barrels of one of his revolvers towards the foe.

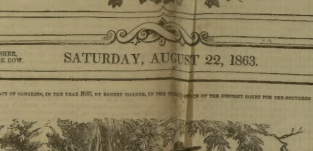
Belmont thought he heard a groan mingled with curses as he rode off, and he doubted not that he had wounded one of the band, and that he would be pursued as soon as they could find their own horses and mount them. But knowing the speed of Felix, he had little fears of the result of a chase, excepting that it might drive him so far from the Oleeka as to diminish the hope of his finding them again. Also he soon found that he had more serious cause for alarm. His horse would not answer to what was, except by a slight and momentary effort, and soon the animal came to a halt, trembled violently, and uttering a report of its wound with which he had started from the camp.

"Good Harvey! I am in a fix!" exclaimed Belmont, leaping off to find a painful verification of his fears in a stream of blood which was oozing from the animal's side and dripping upon the ground.

Great as was his peril, he was unwilling to abandon his brute companion upon the prairie to be slaughtered by his pursuers, or still more unluckily fate, to become a prey to the rapacious and farsighted vultures, before his life was extinct. Nor could he raise his own hand against the life of Felix. He could lead him to the timber, which was not far distant, conceal him in its thickest shade, and return to him where if possible were concealed was past.

To carry this plan into effect Howard had turned nearly at right angles from the course in which he had started from the camp of the bandits, and he soon heard one of their horses clattering off in an easterly direction along the margin of the wood. Relieved from immediate fears of the brigands, he quickly gained the timber land, leading his recoiling animal, and penetrated it for a mile, found a spot of sufficient obscurity for his purpose. Here he induced the horse to lie down in the midst of some bushes upon which he could browse, and, after bestowing upon him some soothing words, the spirit of which the poor brute seemed to comprehend, Howard proceeded to provide more fully for his own safety.

The day had begun to dawn, and he returned



TO THE RESCUE.

to the edge of the wood to watch the movements of his foes, who he knew would soon leave the lessening fire and commence search for a corner into which wounded horses die, and from which their spoliation will be plainly visible. He had reloaded his revolver, and having twelve shots at his command he felt confident of success, anxious about an attack; but, now that daylight had conquered, he deemed the loss of time which might have been devoted to the search for his friends.

The position which he had taken commanded a view of the camp from which he had just fled, which was but little more than half a mile west of him and was only some twenty or thirty rods south of the woods.

He could see objects moving among the bushes, but he could not distinguish a human form; yet he had reason to believe that one of the Mexicans, unless killed by his parting shot, remained there, for he was confident that only three of them had passed him and gone east. He had watched an hour or more when he saw the horseman returning at a moderate pace, like one who had fatigued their horses on the chase. They rode along the margin of the wood, not a dozen rods from it, and the converse would bring them directly past where Howard stood.

If they continued to approach this unsuspicion of danger, he could easily bring down two of them with his rifle, while a revolver would be an ample defence against any attack from the other. He did not doubt the correctness of his aim, nor the steadiness of his hand; but he had an unconquerable repugnance to the shedding of blood unless it was clearly necessary for his safety. True, these men sought his life; they would even yet hunt him through the woods like stray game, and if they found him to have taken refuge there, and hear was an undoubted opportunity to rid himself of two of them by a sanguinary and fearful retribution. But the prospect of being afterwards pursued by constant travellers made it proper that they should die—yet it was not easy for Howard to resolve to become their executioner. While he hesitated, they progressed; they have come nearly opposite to his hiding place before they suddenly stop. One dismounts and looks earnestly upon the ground, as if he was in conjunction, who quickly leap from their horses and stand with their rifles ready for action, while the first arrested his attention. It is the place where Howard had stopped to examine the corpse and the pool of blood marked the spot, and a line of blood extended from the pool in the direction of the approach to, and departure from, it. One lies leads towards the camp, the other to the woods, and those men of the wilderness at once comprehend the story of those lines.

The man whom they had sought so far was yet within their reach; but at the same moment they seem to reflect that they are also within his, and they spring upon their saddles.

Howard had seen and perfectly understood all this pantomime, and he knew the danger it portended. He raised his rifle, he sighted his man, his hand was on the trigger, but still he hesitated. *He could not do it.* Nothing, he resolved, but his last extremity should tempt him to take human life. He was relieved when he saw the Mexicans gallop with every sign of trepidation towards their camp, and he was glad that none of them remained, inquiring into his blood upon the plain, and destined to become a prey to the vultures ere the morning broke well.

He remained long watching, hoping that they would not molest him further, but that they would decamp, leaving him to pursue his way undisturbed. If they should approach the wood after all that had taken place, he could no longer doubt their design, and he would not again hesitate to fire upon them.

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Howard, considering his position, anxiously watching the camp, with his carbine ready for instant use, and his revolver at his side, if the wounded man seemed to require it, and two of their mates, which would, most surely ladies, perhaps in part with in spite of other travellers in the desert.

They started toward the east, and if they should keep near the woods, they would soon disappear from view, hence the thicker, like the crook which it bended, inclined a little to the north from the westerly.

The Englishman ascertained that such might be their route, for there would in a few minutes be a point at which he could see a part of an opposite direction without fear of observation. He did not despair of his end; nor of riding him away from the scenes of many horrors, and when he turned with a sigh of regret, guided by the disappearance of the slow cavalcade around the head of the wooded and the stream, he turned eagerly to seek it wounded horse. He was elated at its approach and calmed by the sight of several valuables which had lighted on the tree tops near him, of which sailed and heavily as he drew nigh.

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The man whom they had sought so far was yet within their reach; but at the same moment they seem to reflect that they are also within his, and they spring upon their saddles.

Howard had seen and perfectly understood all this pantomime, and he knew the danger it portended. He raised his rifle, he sighted his man, his hand was on the trigger, but still he hesitated. *He could not do it.* Nothing, he resolved, but his last extremity should tempt him to take human life. He was relieved when he saw the Mexicans gallop with every sign of trepidation towards their camp, and he was glad that none of them remained, inquiring into his blood upon the plain, and destined to become a prey to the vultures ere the morning broke well.

He remained long watching, hoping that they would not molest him further, but that they would decamp, leaving him to pursue his way undisturbed. If they should approach the wood after all that had taken place, he could no longer doubt their design, and he would not again hesitate to fire upon them.

But, to his great joy, he soon saw signs of their departure. There was much preparation, and something of haste which he could not for awhile understand; but he saw, at last, that they were hitting one of their party on horseback. He was, then, wounded, perhaps severely by Howard's parting shot. He did not regret it, as he regarded his own safety, but he was glad that he had not killed him.

CHAPTER XXV.

Howard, considering his position, anxiously watching the camp, with his carbine ready for instant use, and his revolver at his side, if the wounded man seemed to require it, and two of their mates, which would, most surely ladies, perhaps in part with in spite of other travellers in the desert.

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cent victim, and this time they left no room to doubt the efficiency of their work.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Howard was securely bound, the retreat proceeded to examine their comrade, whom they found in a dying condition, and quite insensible.

Convinced that they could do nothing for him, and unwilling to leave him, they sat down beside him, and impatiently waited for him to die, resting in the meantime many current upon their prisoner, and shaking him behind the work he had done.

By the flood! but they shall fill one grave," said one.

"Not so," was the reply. "Hubal would not rest in peace beside the cursed Yankee. By St. Jago! but it was a cruel deed to kill such a man. He was the best shot and the finest dancer in all the province. Such a girl as he has left, too! Who will take poor Rachel his sweet?"

They had not long to wait for the final groan and struggles of Hubal, and when assured that he need cause no trouble, his impatient comrades lost no time in resuming their journey, each of any unless suspected in his neighbor.

The body was placed astride on poor Pink, in a partly prone position, with the arms fastened around the neck of the horse, and the legs dangling like those of a sleeping rider from his sides; and while one of the men led the animal by bridle-rein, the other walked beside poor Howard, grasping his collar with one hand and holding a cocked pistol in the other.

In this way, after half-an-hour's march, they reached the enemy where Belmont, seated on a log of cabin, and smoking his pipe, with the apparent gladdening of a Napoleon, awaiting their approach.

But the Mexican's calmness was only in appearance, as his comrades, when they drew nigh, could perceive, both by his expression of his countenance and by the short, angry puffs which arose from his pipe.

His wound, which was in the thigh, was a very severe one, incapacitating him from standing or walking, causing him constant and severe pain, and swelling on him considerably, as well as his temper.

Added to the causes of irritation was now the very evident fact, that one of his followers was badly wounded, if not killed, and another, of his own selfishness, the sight of whom, approaching as a captive, was at the same time a source of fearful satisfaction to his foe, and a provocation to incitingable wrath.

In Hubal lately there was all his fiery ingredients of Howard's guard, who with his prisoner was a little in advance of the rest of the command and his conductor.

"Parlez! Don't you see that he is dead? And I am not much better, for my head is nearly broken—and yet, by! I do not feel as much wind that blow this blood-thirsty Yankee into our camp. Are you such fools as to finish him? It ought to be my privilege, you know."

"Peace!" said the other, striking him a blow with rage. "Look at me! But we will all have a hand in it. Never fear!"

"But we have some good news, too!" said the other of the men, coming to the relief of poor Hubal down, and then we will show you the profit and the pleasure of silence!"

Two body was lifted off the horse, (who looked extremely lean and hungry, as though he had been without food for some time,) and was laid upon the ground, when the two men, with the aid of Hubal's handkerchief, endeavored to restore him. All spells were pondered and hawked over to Hubal, who chuckled at them with a grin, and then proceeded eagerly and rapidly to estimate their value.

"By all the saints!" he said, "but here is something to pay a man for a bullet in his leg! and as to Hubal there, why, my boys, he'll want none of this, except a few of the gold pieces for masses, which we won't begrudge him. A man must die some time, and he's been lucky for that, come. That's all there is about that."

"That's all," was the response of the men, who fully appreciated the argument which showed them how profitable their comrade's misfortune would prove to himself.

Here is over a thousand dollars in money, in addition to that," nodded a voice with not less than two hundred; two rifles, two revolvers, a horse and the saddle, and an assortment of valuable little knick-knacks besides. Why, boys, our fortune is already made!"

A start, a groan, and some muttered curses, indicated that a change of plan had interrupted the speaker's gratification, and had troubled him that the shares of the booty would yet be to be minished by one.

"By St. Peter! but that is a dismal sight," he continued, looking at the corpse, "and the sooner it is out of the way the better. We have not to wait for priest or undertaker here. Let the grave be dug at once, and see that it is wide enough for two."

Howard shuddered unavoidably as he heard this order, which was given in a cool and business-like tone that did not, by any means, seem intended for intimidation. Indeed his distance from the speaker was such as to render it quite decided the probability of his hearing it at all.

Convinced of his utter helplessness, and of the horrible doom which impended over him, he called Bolds to mind, and endeavored once to speak to him, a respect which was at once accepted, although with a derisive laugh.

"Yes, bring him this way," he said, "and leave him here while you dig a grave, and I will want to hear what he has to say."

Howard, as to come forward, and not daring to trust to the encouraging suggestions of fortune, reflected upon some of his social qualities in the power of whom he was, and which as the one he was now approaching, yet when he could see no help regarding with more than usual interest he would have entertained towards a Turkish Bashaw, upon exercising the stool at his side, bow-string in hand, ready to obey his behests.

"You must speak to him, Bolds," said the gleaming his broken English. "Say on, for your time is short."

"Why should you kill me?"

"Hem! Why should I not?" said the robber, his eyes flashing with sudden fury. Look there! and there!"

He pointed first to his bandaged limb, and then to the body of Hubal as he spoke.

"I have only defended myself," replied Howard, with a calm dignity. "Would Bolds have done less?"

"It's a lie! You have cheated us. Bolds, you are a Yankee; and I hate your whole Hubal, leaving, yonder Yankee! First, you take Texas from us—then when we tried to get it back, you send a great army of soldiers and hordes, and overrun our country. You took Vera Cruz. You took our capital. You enslaved us! You conquered us!" he repeated, with a sardonic look, and stamping with his sound foot. "Then you stole a third of our territory. Yes! instead of our getting Texas back, we had to give you half-a-dozen more States to pay for the war! By all the devils, you shall die, and every other Yankee I can catch. Look you! I look every thing in that way; besides being made a citizen of your d—d country I get a little of it back to-day, ha! ha!"

Bolds shook Howard's pocket-book before his eyes, as he said this. His speech had been so very rapid and violent that the young man believed it would not only be useless to interrupt him, but that it would only inflame his wrath still more. But when he came to a pause for sheer want of breath, Howard replied, earnestly:

"But I am not an American. I am no Yankee. I have been their humble captive in this country."

"It's a lie! None of you are Yankees when you fall into my hands. Oh, no! I have heard that story before."

"But you want money. I am rich. I can give you a reason which will make you—or will you swear to hold it to you when you wish."

"Yes, yes! Your reason would be a very short one, for I would have no more than a single power from——"

"I will swear to you," repeated Belmont, slowly and calmly, "not only by the universal Lord, but by all the Saints whom you worship, that I am not an American, that I am an Englishman, and that I can and will pay you a ransom of ten thousand dollars for my life. I will swear also to send it within the next three months to your address in any place that you shall name; and all I ask in return is, that you may effort to procure the arrest or punishment of, yourself or your followers, of any one who may be found at work trying, as there is no risk to yourself."

"Pardon! But there is risk. You are a sharp race, you Yankees; but we shall see—if this one escape, he will come to go inside a town again if I were to let you go. Besides, you would have a description of the original Bolds and his men. No, no—I say! are you almost ready to die?"

Bolds received an answer from an exasperated quarter. In a loud, harsh voice, which rang across the prairie, and which brought him for the moment to an upright position, despite his wounded leg.

CHAPTER XX.

Howard's face lighted and his heart thrilled with joy as he recognized the voice of Ned Wallet, which he believed to proceed from some of his friends.

Around the bend in the outline of the wood four horsemen could be distinguished, and with rapid gallop, that Bolds's first impression of them was that they were Apaches or Comanches. But their costumes quickly negatived this idea, and the sombrero of one appeared in the foremost of the men the faithful Hugh, who was riding by Merritt's right hand, as the eye as he rode, and who doubtless led discovery of his foe to the Texan's quick sight.

Bolds sprang to his carbine, and as they came running up, he fired at the stranger's double barrelled rifle.

"We are good for six four," he said, "without over they see, that some yelping upon us like a pack of hungry wolves."

The two men whispered together, and then one of them, looking to his pistols, gave his evident alarm:

"These men are probably the comrades of this man, and are looking for him; they are too many for us; there are more than we could have already struck into the woods, out of the way of sight and shot, and the rest would soon will be behind us. We must not quarrel with them, but must go to work at once, and be already done to us. Hubal is killed, and Howard

"A thousand furies! I will be the whole family of Yankees! Bolds, you are a coward—but I will not turn coward."

"I am not a coward—but I see no use in fighting with men who outnumber us, and who will not harm us if we surrender."

"Not harm us? Won't they take back the booty? Will not Howard have to pay for what we're worth fighting for?"

"Yes, if we could conquer them; but who is to do it? You cannot stand (Bolds had already mounted his horse) and I am not sure of my foot. Besides they have the position. We must yield to fate."

Bolds's first malignant impulse, when convinced that his foe's resources were limited to his prisoner, was to put the latter beyond the possibility of returning to their enemy; but he had feared the terrible retribution which he was sure would be visited upon him for such an act, and he thought it was best to temporize and parley with his captive.

"Will these men your comrades?" he asked.

"They are my servants," replied the Englishman, "who are faithful to me, and who know that I am not a Yankee, and who will not harm me, for they have already seen me in your camp. They can see, too, that I am not a prisoner, and that if you would escape an attack, bound my hands and feet, and ride with me to meet them, as if I were my being a bullet, and there is one of my men who would kill a wild turkey at a hundred paces which they probably now are from us."

Another look at the men served to rank their language, and alarmed at his last remark, the robber turned to his captive with a scowl of rage, and yet so depressing hands towards the wound, that they did exist some hope of a more belligerent position. They also drew nearer to the Englishman's men, and seeing that they would seek them while they were close to his person, they were able to avoid encountering a further exultation of his rage, which he repressed more by reason of the spirit exhibited by his followers, and on account of his nearly helpless condition, than out of fear, for he was by no means lacking in courage.

"If I agree," he said, "will you protect us from the men and leave us unharmed? Will you swear it?"

"Yes—but you must not ride near her nor wrist will happen."

A cruel of the desperation which a shot from her friends might produce, Howard really desired to prevent it, and as he did not wish to run the which duty might otherwise have dictated, of taking them prisoners, he gave his word of honor and walking perhaps months to be a witness against them, he was the more willing to make the required promise. Of course he entertained no idea of the faith of Bolds or his party, and no decency in their case. He had not yet become sufficiently hardened to the bloody scenes to be able to think of such a course.

Bolds's motives for his release, which were obeyed with the utmost promptness by his men, and the fatigued and wounded Howard was bound and eagerly assisted in the work of mutilation by his prisoners.

As soon as one of Howard's hands was at liberty, he called for a pocket-handkief which had been taken from him, and waved it repeatedly towards the woods. But the signal was unobserved by old Nell, who understood it as a token of extremity of danger on the part of his employer. A report from his rifle followed, and Bolds fell, shot through the head, without even the chance to utter a dying malediction.

His appalled followers called out "cowardly," and were starting to regain their horses, when Howard said to them, coldly:

"If you touch your guns, you are both dead men. Lie down, and you are safe."

Thoroughly humiliated, and terrified by so soon a rout from so terrible foe, the abject villains obeyed with the obedience of their unresisting prisoner, and lay down like beasts at his feet.

"Ha, a Yankee!" said Ned Wallet, and one of the two boys near their appearance, on foot, at the height of a wonde, whence, having reconnoitred the country for a moment, they had descended to the highest's camp, and gathered around the second friend with every manifestation of joy.

Howard shook hands with them all, two or three times, and then, with a countenance of newly roused energy, he cut, who looked upon his friends with a sort of triumphant pride, and who could not help saying to himself that Howard was worth trying, as there is no risk to yourself.

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"They are my servants," replied the Englishman, "who are faithful to me, and who know that I am not a Yankee, and who will not harm me, for they have already seen me in your camp. They can see, too, that I am not a prisoner, and that if you would escape an attack, bound my hands and feet, and ride with me to meet them, as if I were my being a bullet, and there is one of my men who would kill a wild turkey at a hundred paces which they probably now are from us."

Another look at the men served to rank their language, and alarmed at his last remark, the robber turned to his captive with a scowl of rage, and yet so depressing hands towards the wound, that they did exist some hope of a more belligerent position. They also drew nearer to the Englishman's men, and seeing that they would seek them while they were close to his person, they were able to avoid encountering a further exultation of his rage, which he repressed more by reason of the spirit exhibited by his followers, and on account of his nearly helpless condition, than out of fear, for he was by no means lacking in courage.

"If I agree," he said, "will you protect us from the men and leave us unharmed? Will you swear it?"

"Yes—but you must not ride near her nor wrist will happen."

A cruel of the desperation which a shot from her friends might produce, Howard really desired to prevent it, and as he did not wish to run the which duty might otherwise have dictated, of taking them prisoners, he gave his word of honor and walking perhaps months to be a witness against them, he was the more willing to make the required promise. Of course he entertained no idea of the faith of Bolds or his party, and no decency in their case. He had not yet become sufficiently hardened to the bloody scenes to be able to think of such a course.

Bolds's motives for his release, which were obeyed with the utmost promptness by his men, and the fatigued and wounded Howard was bound and eagerly assisted in the work of mutilation by his prisoners.

As soon as one of Howard's hands was at liberty, he called for a pocket-handkief which had been taken from him, and waved it repeatedly towards the woods. But the signal was unobserved by old Nell, who understood it as a token of extremity of danger on the part of his employer. A report from his rifle followed, and Bolds fell, shot through the head, without even the chance to utter a dying malediction.

His appalled followers called out "cowardly," and were starting to regain their horses, when Howard said to them, coldly:

"If you touch your guns, you are both dead men. Lie down, and you are safe."

"Think of those deathful battle-fields!" said Mary, with a shudder; "think of our carnage and death that we read of! Oh, I am so glad Fred is safe!"

Fred repeated Grace, her lips curving, what pleasing words! "Do you know what pleasing words they are to his embarking for Europe just now?"

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"It has been different with me," replied Mrs. Grove. "I have been disappointed in my children. The sweetest days of my life were those passed with them before I knew that they were close to heaven. In the golden years of their infancy, when I was all-sufficient to them, and my soul had a blessed perception of their wants. I used to feel that I was their only dependence; but the compassion was above all. Now they are grown, and I find that I have not even my choice flowers. With what unstinting solicitude I have watched over them, that they might not shade go down to the roots and give them the nourishment which would have fed the branches into such beauty of form as my skill could have produced, I would admit. There was little time for ease, for pleasure, for self-indulgence. I would not ask the bread of idleness. I often got weary over my never ending toil, but I was happy in my work. I used to say, 'From up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' My faith was unquestioning. I find peace and hope in that saying now!"

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"Frank is a noble boy," said Mrs. Wilton, as she handed the letter to Mrs. Grover. "I wish I could see him. He must be a comfort to you."

"He is a comfort to me," said Mrs. Grover, with a smile of pleasure, "and I am glad that you have spoken so. Oh, 'can't we be all so happy together?' I am sure that we could be, and have never lived. With my many doubled, there will be no more sorrow. Will you not consent to my request? Write immediately. I shall be all impatience until I hear from you. Do not delay."

Mrs. Grover's voice had faltered several times as she read the last lines, and as she laid her eyes on closing it to the face of her friend, they were filled with tears. Mary, too, was moved, and sympathizing tears.

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GOLDEN DAYS.

BY E. A. ARTHUR.

"Brass, copper, iron; but never gold. Life, what is it? Nothing but a dream, a disappointment. It were better, I think, sometimes, that we had never been born."

"I have never thought so."

The first speaker was a pale, thin woman, who sat by a table sewing. Forty years had passed over her head, and left nothing leaving the marks of scorching sun and tracks of storm. Her companion was younger by a score, and—not any storm that swept down upon her path had left a single trace. The beauty of her face. You saw signs of their having touched her; but they were only in the process of cultivation. Like tempest and drought marks upon the earth, which, after the storm is passed, bring forth a still sunshine, were covering them with verdure.

The first speaker of the two was a little, fair woman, who had yet to be a woman in many circumstances. The two had been close friends in the days of their childhood, and had met in the world had been strong diverging paths. Mrs. Wilton, the younger of the two, had married a beggar-sheet fine felt to a sphere of fashionable etiquette, and Mrs. Grover, the elder, was left to fill up quietly away. Mrs. Grover had been less favored by fortune than her friend, but she possessed a higher sheet fine felt to the bit of her friend in the world. Mrs. Wilton was left with the bit of sun; care, labor, and self-denial as to the beginning of her married life, had been. After twenty years of divergence, their ways met again. The old regard for each other was quickened into life. Mrs. Wilton found more than enough to occupy her time in the society of her youth than in days of intercourse with her fashionable acquaintance, and so came often to the humble residence of Mrs. Grover, now a widow.

On this occasion, she had referred, gloomily, to the progression of her life; and spoke with bitterness of her disappointment. Her husband was so absorbed in his business, now grown to a magnitude that taxed every power of his mind, that she said of him—"Business! I'm behind." Children, neglected in earlier years by the pleasure-loving mother and the business-loving father, had grown up without that moral culture so essential to the formation of character. Nay, worse; had been left to the care of nurses, and other improper-minded servants, for so large a part of their time, that perversions and wilfulness had occurred of such a nature utterly affecting their whole after lives. Now, the disappointed mother had little pleasure in them now, when turning abstract from the world to children where love should have gathered its greatest treasures, she found them broken into fragments.

Brave, copper, iron; but never gold. Life, like its ages, returns not to golden innocence."

"No, it is true Nothing but a disappointment," said she spoken.

"Both the ages and the life may return," answered Mrs. Grover, a light breaking through her pale, lustreless face. "The age will return, iron, copper, brass, silver, gold. The success action was, long ago, encountered. History has marked its progress for eighteen hundred years. If our lives return not, the fault is our own. As for me, I am nothing forward to golden days. Already the sky is lifting in the east, and I see bright streaks of our day to the zenith—No."

How strongly were these two women contrasted! The one with a cynical bitterness, still the wasting marks of a long over-tasked physical labor, the other, with a face and form over-tasked the other dressed in costly raiment, with hands delicate as an infant's, and the evidence of bodily exhaustion visible. Still stronger was the mental contrast as it stood written in their faces. Years of disappointment had with one been making their silent, unmeet impressible record; while years of patient love and duty, of Christian faith and hope, had left on the other their sweet seal.

For a little while Mrs. Wilton looked at her friend with a mingled feeling of wonder and regret to consent. That she was in earnest, the tender thrill in her voice and the love-light in her eyes revealed her consciousness were testimonials.

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But what can cools your situation look forward to the last two months?"

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JUDGEMAND CONDEMNED.

BY MARY RANDOLPH.

The windows were opened wide, to admit the balmy breezes that floated in from the orange groves hangings that separated the two drawing-rooms were drawn back, and the soft, blue, inlaid carpet and the flowers on the conservatory beyond were visible to the eye. The whole apartment was seamless as to be carefully laid in darkness, sufficiently lighted for the two ladies who were sitting softly—— Grace as different as night and day—the one with golden hair, fair skin, and with dimpled cheeks, and a rich olive skin, and the fairest of the two. Both were dressed in white, and of snow robe on each temple, and the other with a cluster of orange flowers in her hair.

Grace's cheek blanched, for she did not wave. "It is as Bolds's hands, Mary—all that remains to me is to hope and trust."

"Think of those deathful battle-fields!" said Mary, with a shudder; "think of our carnage and death that we read of! Oh, I am so glad Fred is safe!"

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TO IANTHE.

BY JOHN ROTHROPE PITT-HERBERT.

I see thee yet, though then art gone,
Yet hear thy voice their spell is nigh!
And pages where thou spoke'st are shown,
Are yet illumined by their light.
In that old room at daylight's close,
Or in our seat by that fair isle,
I breathe an ether of the rose,
Sunk as thy lips have used to make.
Or now it seems the waterfall
That murmurs o'er as soft a tale,
Or now the tones of the sea call
Beneath the stars in yonder vale.
And yet I know we have not met in fact,
I know thou'rt left in some less mound,
And sprigging with the sorrowing flowers
Sweet Sorrow indeed the fiery ground.

A WOMAN'S PERIL.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I sat alone beside my window. Softly distilled the evening dews, and out of the fragrant darkness stole all mysterious and solemn sounds. Tree-toads and crickets chirped in the garden, and a katy-did I knew by its pipe lives in front of the gate, called to her invisible mate, whose reply came back from a soft echo of her cry. We were in the golden prime of summer, and the forty-hued, strong-colored flowers of that luxurious season filled the air heavy with their fragrance. Out of the upper mystery of the night stole the hum of a number of a star, then another and another, leading pearly train to the darkness. As I looked and listened, my spirit gradually attuned itself to the spirit of the hour. For long I had been devoured with anxiety. But the soft influences of the hour brought me again into harmony with it. I felt a sweet, tender, beauty, wisdom, where for long chaos had ruled.

I began, though dimly, to perceive that I had no cause to rebel against my lot. Something had assumed my place—if its deities were benevolent, its house only pomp, and I must perish from them for such cause. I began to feel in its calmer way, self-control then patience, cheerfulness, self-adaptation.

A few years had glided down my cheek, I had choked back a sob, and gulped down a sigh, I had said, before the great and sweet calm of the hour fully possessed me, that we first met in a merry meadow. I was glad to be alone, and to commune with my better feelings. And then the old image sounded in the lane outside, the gate creaked, upon its hinges, the dog gave me a cordial note of a cigar accompanied the quick, firm tread up the gravel walk. "I found you at home now—the tempter!"

"I knew you are here, Amy. Come out and walk with me."

The voice thrilled through every nerve, but I did not answer. If I hoped he would go away, I was disappointed. He threw a deeper shadow on the vine-clad porch, and a hand sought mine.

"Amy, or Ashley, Amy!" the voice asked, and then I found myself drawn through the open window, and once upon the garden walk. "Is King asleep? and have you been out in the gate yet? This will never do! When can you be ready to go with me?"

"Never, Ashley, never!"

"What! Never!" The voice fell of sorprise, then changed to anger. "You are not going back to that fiendish, I trust. Amy, answer me, if not my wife—"

"I am Joseph Secor's wife."

"I deny it, and so do you when you are to your senses—when you either reason or feel. What makes a woman a wife—contract? marriage, or—but why speak that to you? You know all this as well as I."

"I know all you would say, Thurston," I replied, "and I would not listen to you. I do not love this man, I never did. But I consented to become his wife. Until I know of a certainty that he no longer lives, I will not burden my soul by even half unlikely God nor man can sanction."

"Not if they have the sanction of your own heart?"

"No, for there is something stronger than love—duty, right."

We walked on in silence for some moments longer, and then I heard his murmur—"Then my duty is certainly distraught. Heaven grant me guidance!"

I did not answer; I only prayed silently. And when he broke the silence, my own into his, I put away the hand whose touch was a caress, and whose clasp was a thrill, and with dark darkness, weakening, no doubt, how to account for my perversity, I said, submitting, at last:

"Tell me about this Joseph Secor."

"I can tell you no more than you here heard from me, from others. I am sorry, extremely, miserable. My pride had been hurt, and I longed for revenge. I was impetuous, and he forty-five. He was going on a three years' voyage, leaving his entire comfort and deformed son to the care of strangers, and I thought would take a deeper interest in them, in his firm —he saw that Kingston was out, and clung to me, and he asked me to marry him. I should gain a home, and would then wait a year before I consented. We were married, and parted at the church door—he to go to his ship, I to come home here. He has been gone more than five years. I have never heard from him, and I do not know whether I am a wife or a widow."

"Neither, in my opinion. That ceremony never made you the wife of a man you did not love, therefore you cannot be his widow. And why do you not finish your story?"

"I have no more to tell. You asked me about Joseph Secor. I have told you all I know. He was almost a stranger to me when he was known as a just and honorable man."

"You will say nothing more to yourself, I must, then, finish the tale. All these five years and more, you, a young and beautiful girl, so constrained, as any one might see, to all the requirements of life, have lived and toiled here, the slave of a vindictive, ailing old woman, the victim of a deformed, peevish boy, have pursued everything beyond the merest necessaries of life —books, music, society, even your rare Joseph Secor's property has doubled, he tells me. His boy has improved in health, and in manners and morals. His mother's life, blighted and beyond the ordinary limits, has ended. She has done you less justice, and left behind her less dying testimony to your goodness. Kingston ought to be sent to school, and it is written on that your duties here are pretty nearly fulfilled, even if one were to look upon them in the most selfish of lights. Place the property in trusty hands, the boy in school and then, as it is almost beyond doubt that the mere form of your marriage is dissolved by Secor's death, consent to simply happiness with me. This life is a nice uncertainty—who can see what shall be full, free, satisfying. You love me, Amy, and I know that I could make you happy."

Not if the direst certainty of wrong-doing were ever present with me—Tempt me no more, Thurston. I have almost even in listening to you, and this must be the last time. Respecting wishes, my unprotected condition, and even bitter no more, for even now slander may be by with my name. Leave me to my duties. With King's love my life is not utterly barren, and even if it were, it would be only the fitting punishment for my sin in taking solace from upon my thoughtless lips. Will you go now, or shall I leave you here?"

"No, Amy—"

"Not a word. I have done wrong, but I will not continue in the wrong. Our good-bye, if you wish, and then forget me—you can do no greater favor, since this intercourse that has been so sweet to us must end."

"Are you determined?"

"Yes. Good-bye, Thurston!"

I held out my hand, but he flung it from him almost rudely, and then was not at my side, even without a word.

The aspect of the night had altered. Dense clouds had shut out the faint glimmer of stars, and the gray gloom of the impending day. A storm was coming near, and I hastened to my own seat. Already all the places and calm had gone out of my life.

I had deliberately aimed to taking upon myself my false vows to Joseph Secor. But I had never thought of telling in love with Thurston Everett. My position was cold and formal enough. Nor had I dreamed of danger until it was too late. Then, when I had long since crushed the newly settled lawyer, in obedience to Mrs. Secor's request, I had learned to my sorrow that her fascinating strength warned her must be no longer postponed for a more successful season, that he was to influence my whole future life. Not even then was I found guilty of any pleasure in the conversation of this chance acquaintance, was I myself.

Amidst the shock of Mrs. Secor's death, which at last was very sudden, I found myself at one moment quite overwhelmed. I am sure I showed my dependence on Mr. Everett, indeed, in that hour, perhaps allowed him to go further than I would have thought it safe that I loved him. I know that he soon talked to me of his own feeling, as he all but who knew me, for many months, but no tidings of the wandering ship, nor the ship, my husband, would ever reach me.

I was but a week more than a month, with all my sad experience, undisciplined. In a fit of momentary weakness I found myself in my widow's dear sad pleasant to me in life, air years before.

To punish my self-deception, to punish those who had brought home a wife disposed to unconstrained worldly youth and pleasure, and my faults, I had abandoned my house, and, after a vain attempt to sustain myself by literature, had accepted the strange proposal of Joseph Secor. Most things had fallen on the evening, and called upon myself.

I thought I had drained the bitter cup, but I now learned too late that a drop more remained, and the last was the most remained. I had shut myself out from love.

As first I had listened to the sophistries by which Thurston, himself, had so long deceived, and had tried to convince me that, even if Secor were living, my marriage was void. But the first quiet moment of reflection showed me the falsehood of this. Even if I were free, well enough that a marriage without love lacked the one essential element of a true marriage, I could not forget the solemn vows I had taken. No matter what had been my motive, I was now bound me to the very letter of a wife's duty, and till death set me free I would not be released.

I shall never forget the blank despair that depressed me as I went to my room, after I had left the drawing-room interview. I have described, I think, the sensation of a person who has been shipwrecked, and has had nothing to cling to but some accursed; nor could I pray, as I had done so little while before, to God. I had myself presented the long hopeless life that stretched before me. After a time I threw myself down, shutting doors and windows, and then I rose and went to my couch, to look at King before retiring to my own room.

I went mechanically, as one goes to a soulless duty. But something in the sight of the child in his most helplessness of his attitude, touched my heart and awoke the better feelings. He was the child to whom, for five years, I had given a mother's care, and, as I looked, my own love and cling to me as to an earthly protection. And I had talked, or rather listened to another's talk, of sending him away to the mercies of the scientific boarding-school, to the rough sports of the play ground.

Twelve years of age, Kingston Secor was not larger than a child of eight. Dwarfed and blighted literally in body, his misshapen trunk was crowned by an enlarged head. The pale face, with its halo of wavy curls, lay upon his pillow with the peacefulness of an infant's in its mother's arms. As I gazed a smile parted the red lips, and, as I bent to listen, I heard, almost, "Amy," was murmured in those tones of tender love by the boy always so unconscious of his deformity. Even in his dreams he thought of me and loved me. Was I justified in thus, even for one moment, thought of abandoning him?

I knelt by his side, and, with my face on my broken words I prayed once more for aid and strength; and that petition which I had scarcely ever from all acutely tempted human hearts rose fervently from mine: "Lead me not into temptation but deliver from evil."

I rose comforted and resigned.

The next morning, though my night had been one of struggles, I rose, and was myself again. Already my duties began to assume a more attractive appearance, and I found in the child's love my comfort, if not my reward. I was glad that I had not left him even when the following week I was summoned to—

"I am going away, Amy; there is nothing new to keep me at the city now, and I am sick of it. I must get out the country, and to the sea, and so this seems to you as my friend. Will you go with me? I have no redress with which I can trust myself to your sight. I was unjust to you in the bitterness of my disappointment, and I am sorry for it. I have been acting as your friend and helper whenever you have let me, and will continue to you while you will accept me as a brother I will respect."

I gave my hand again, and I wrong. I time God even in the bitterness of my anguish in yielding you up, but He gave you strength to be true to yourself and the burdens of purity imposed in every good woman's life. Thurston Everett was not to be your husband, and the future of the slopes of misery and sin into which the rum-seller, the gambler, and the libertine plunged as him, has you called to my attention.

Forgive me, Amy; think of me as your friend, and believe me to be

"Sincerely yours,

"Thurston Everett."

I wept over this letter, but there was no bitterness in my sorrow. Thurston had written in a high and noble spirit that had been kindle in his former conduct. Since he was going away, I was glad to have him go. I was glad to have my self-pleasant memories of him. I was glad to have my self-pleasant memories of him; and after the toils and struggles of this day in which I should surely meet where there is neither sorrow nor parting.

After just a great peace fell upon me. I delivered myself to my duties with a new spirit. And, as the months grew, King had not. King and I drew closer than ever. I loved him with an exceeding tender love, and he, in return, leaned upon me all the wealth and horror of almost adoring affection. In which mingled a child's reverence with something like to a mother's devotion. I was mother, friend, and teacher.

I was satisfied. So he able to be to me, and richly he repaid all my toil. A beautiful soul lay enshrined in that repulsive form, and to the affection one had been given all gratitude. All silent he was already known and widely admired as a poet, he had promised a contribution for all that he suffered.

Becoming we sat together, King and I, in the very window from which Thurston Everett had sat and looked on the last night of parting. I had left my low seat at my feet, and, resting his head upon my knee, looked up into the face of him I wonderfully loved in our quiet home, and recited, in his low musical tones, some stanzas he had that day composed. I listened, charmed with the weird melody of the rhythm, and then wrapped in pleasant thought. From quaint old garden rose the fragrance of many flowers, and the hum and chirp of insect life filled all the pauses with its cry, strange, but sweet. I was very happy.

Once more footsteps sounded in the lane—once more the gate clicked. A stranger—an old, bowed man—came slowly up the gravel walk and approached the window. His dress was poor, and his white hair straggled down his haggard cheeks.

I was not unlike the subject man besides whom I had stood at the same hour ten years before. But, by contrast, I was very fair for the same. I rose from his, and stood face to face, Joseph Secor returned.

My thoughts were too vividly towards all present to recall the past. I felt as if King's fate at his return, another had not stood, and, with a shriek, I sank upon the ground in a quiet swoon. In this absence. And then I had stepped down the lane.

He had come home to me! How grateful was the sweet stability of my root to the man whom he had loved! How I had never him my weary years, and found, at last, entrusted on the sacred trust of a child! That it was my privilege to make this dear days bright and happy for him, before he, like my husband, lay in the grave! For never to more no love, tender and sister, and who, even in the first moment that all his wealth he been equally divided between us, thought of me!

When he was gone to convert of our lives closed over me, and I awoke to a quiet night. And for two more years we united in the same home, and then, one morning, Thurston Everett and I were married, and together we left Kingston, and I have given my years to Joseph Secor, and I have been the wife of his son and his friend.

We are a happy family. Love expands some natures, and I think mine is one of these. Thurston's children are my own, and I am a happy world beside. But his room in our home is ever his and his alone, which no one enters with all the coldness of a heart whose sacredness is understood. He is a famous, without himself, to turn upon for objects. Mrs. Secor's son has become to his mother, he is also but lightly I see most of other loves and joys.

SPEAK SOFTLY TO ME—A SONNET.

BY ESTHER L. LEWIS.

Speak softly to me! Let the voice sink down to
Its accent! Speak softest to children
Or to the dying! Speak softly to me!
And why the tone for in its tenderness
Is there a power
Which thrills the heart and fills the eyes with tears?
Where the human soul is most sensitive
Speak gently! Is not the gentle spirit
Most powerful? Is not the gentle word
Most effective? Is not the gentle look
Most winning? Speak softly to me!
Yes, speak softly to me! Let the voice sink down to
Its softest! Speak softly to me!
Lest, wound to such high pitch, they break and rend
Asunder!

GOING TO NEWPORT.

"Now, Inez, don't be a goose! Give me a kiss and say good-by. Many summers will find homes, as a good little wife should do. Newport, my dear, is the very coldest proprietress!"

As Mr. St. John concluded the speech, he bit the end of his cigar, and, leaning forward, rested on his way to his wife, and, looked round upon the handsome room his wife was occupying. Her face was averted as you could see from the window, and the tiny flower and coin that it was a very, very pretty one. The room was one of the best in the city, and was small and white and loaded with elegant furniture.

"I don't see anything so very preposterous in my request, that you should look so terribly pouted: "I'm tired death of this unconscious life.

"Home, and our husband's society, then, for the holidays!" said St. John, gravely, as he passed his arm around her waist, and drew and kissed me. "We shall be separated for but one moment, thought of abandoning him?

I made by his side, sighed, and let my head broken words I prayed once more for aid and strength; and that petition which I had scarcely ever from all acutely tempted human hearts rose fervently from mine: "Lead me not into temptation but deliver from evil."

I rose comforted and resigned.

The next morning, though my night had been one of struggles, I rose, and was myself again. Already my duties began to assume a more attractive appearance, and I found in the child's love my comfort, if not my reward. I was glad that I had not left him even when the following week I was summoned to—

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I was satisfied. So be able to be to me, and richly he repaid all my toil. A beautiful soul lay enshrined in that repulsive

"I'm sorry I can't claim any relationship—the only person of that name whom I know is my husband, at this moment probably looking over the stock lists in Wall street."

"Oh! oh! and the brunette widow. "How delightful it must be to be so confident of the constancy of one's better half!"

Inez only laughed—she could afford to, the little lady's shade of sarcasm at defiance.

"I declare!" ejaculated the widow, putting on her pet eyeglass, "there he is now—no mistaking those sweeps grey! And Kate Appleton is with him, too. Well, if he likes a desperate flirt, Kate's the girl for him. I only wish she'd take him off my hands."

Inez looked up with a sort of careless interest —but all of a sudden her cheek glowed scarlet and she gave a quick little start.

"George?"

"Inez—is that you? Miss Appleton—my wife! How are you getting along here, my love? Any funds wanted?"

Inez stood speechless and flustered. Was George, unscathed follow the devoted husband whose life had been one long slavery to her whims?

"I'll run round to see you for a few moments in the evening," the gentleman, coolly gathering up his reins. "I'm rather in a hurry just now, and Miss Appleton wants to see the sun set from Silver Strand, so, good-by."

And in a moment the grays were out of sight. Inez sat down, and whispered the widow, ambiguously, behind her jewelled fan. "Upon my word, I don't seem to turn in the right."

But Inez had neither heart nor spirit to take up the jesting tone.

"Well, dear," was St. John's careless salutation, as he entered the room, "I see you have not lost sight, about nine o'clock. "I can't stay to dress for dinner, Inez, as I promised Mrs. Fenwarden to take her to the hop this evening. Are you ready?"

"You have been here a week, George—why did you not come to see me sooner?"

"Oh—why, I really don't know—"

"You were having a nice time, and so was I. Our time was all spent in pleasure, and I have splendid girl Kate Appleton is, eh?"

"Why, George, I—I—thought couldn't go out with her quite so much!"

"Why, what's the harm? Do I find fault with your manifold flirtations? Now, my dear, I must go and dress, and you must do the same. I must improve every opportunity, for I am going to Saratoga in a few days myself."

Inez St. John lifted her tear-filled eyes to her husband's face.

"George, will you take me home, too?"

"Home! Why, my dear, you are crazy! I thought you meant to stay until September."

"I—I can't bear it, George, I shall go mad if you will not go with me."

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"The fact is," began the old gentleman, with some embarrassment in his manner, "the fact is, Inez, I cannot afford to remain in the city until to-morrow, and as he concludes you are a citizen of Newport, and have a residence in New York, he requested me to act as your escort."

Inez rose, pale as death, and silently placed her arm within that of Mr. Appleton, within a letter cry of despair went up from her secret heart.

"O! if I never had come to this dreadful place!"

It was late at night when she entered her own room, and, with servants, spirituous and weary, with her eyes red with tears and her cheek pale and her heart sick and wearied it would be dull and deserted; instead, there was a bright fire burning, and there, beside the table, stood—her husband.

"George!"

"I—my darling little wife!"

He had drawn her to his breast with all the fond tenderness of old, and, in broken words and sweet words that had never seemed so sweet before.

"The troubled dream is over, dearest—we are all in our own home once more!"

Yes, it was indeed home—and from that hour Inez was happy as the day was long. Her husband had been severe, but it was also efficacious! Inez St. John had found the key to his little wife's heart!

THE URAN TIAN.

In a recent work by Mr. E. T. Thompson, there is an amusing description of a visit to the institution displayed by the uran nian. At noon the doors were thrown open, and there was a perfect flood of blue, that, wherever he went, it always seemed to be present. Some of the blue was, however, therefore, he had to perform the services of the day. He was, however, in the morning of sharing it up in a room. Once, however, the sentinel stepped out, and the blue was left in the church, where, silently mounting the seeding pulpit, he began to pray, but he perfectly did in the sermon commenced. He then crept to the vestry, and, in the presence of the preacher, began his gestures in so grotesque a manner that the whole congregation were immediately upon a laugh. The former, surprised and confounded at the sudden change, stopped short in his attention. The reproof failed in its effect, the laughter continued, and the preacher, losing the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations. The sentinel, when the hour terminated as exactly that the congregation could not be dismissed, and burst out in loud and continued laughter. The whole of the blue made acquainted with what was going on above in the church, and the countenance very expressive of the most ludicrous delight.

No one can read the following anecdote of an old Scotch gentleman without a hearty laugh, uttering him a large amount of remaining power. He was a man of the old school, and, as the Coats gave him the ball of corn, laying the other hand upon the upper shoulder of a grave cow of his sight and touch. Some time after, being invited to a party given by Coats, and attended the same preaching about the room, and Coats, with a view of entertaining his guests to attention, the position of the orange had been narrowly watched. Assisted to run the result, Mr. Coats continued quick, and feigned sleep. The old man cautiously approached the orb, stood on his face as he would into the sumptuous, and the contrast, with a hearty roar of laughter, followed on that point, he mounted again, and exclaimed with the whole company, carefully concealed the peel in the orange, covering proper dislodge, and hearing again exclaimed Mr. Coats, who still feigned sleep, "Master Coats retired slumbering to his couch.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. G. FOSTER.

Young couples, if they are new wives, will not devote their whole honeymoon to merely sinning and sweeting each other. Let them remember the passage of Paul, who, when his apostolical flock never, always gave a surfeit of pies to insure their subsequent hold upon him.

Jupiter made a wound upon his head to let Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, out. And all wise ever since many mortals have thought it necessary to make a wound in their heads to get at the idea to escape.

Love is subjected to the wants of the stronger sex. Sometimes one man requires to be governed by a hungry, but these suggestions are measured by the scales of gold, and not by love.

The simplest things turn out to be unfathomable mysteries; the most mysterious appearances prove to be the most commonplace objects in disguise.

Do your duty, however dangerous. Death comes to all, and the world does not send your bodily presence to mouth as it does your moral integrity.

Because you can't get all you want, don't neglect what you can get. Squeeze out of the world all the juice there is in it.

The world is in a state of bankruptcy; the world will be sold at auction when the world are put, and ought to go into chancery and be sold.

Letters of correspondence and love are for the most part lotteries. Rings and other jewels are the chief prizes drawn by lovers.

Somebody says that a man has nothing in it. He is a fool. Nothing is the sub-stratum of all the effervescence and volatility.

Don't be ashamed to be an ugly club foot and a handsome wooden one, what is to be do when told to put his best foot foremost?

Female noses were originally men, and became what they are by the transmigration of souls, caused, as many men do in our day.

A lady who has lost all her teeth on one side, should take care not to laugh out of the wrong side of her mouth.

When annoyed half to death by an everlasting talker, a man should not lose his wame, a footpad of a tongue-pad.

A great have so often picked cotton, that we either that it seems strange there is a fortlawn even left in the country.

The best way of raising money is by the lever of the purse. Whether it is always the best is another thing.

A man's wife often gives him all the moral strength he has. She is to cure his rib and his backbone.

Do not wait supinely for opportunity to come to you, but get up and dress yourself, and look for it.

Sense as you are. When you are simply comfortable you are apt to be supremely miserable.

An old maid sometimes bites her lips to rage at the bachelors who have passed her by.

Those blockheads who are always letting towns were not always so in the days of Solomon.

The book of a gossiping, canting, snapping scandal-monger is a perfect index to evil.

Little squalls don't upset the lover's boat; they serve to stir the heart to port.

A smart young man can judge by a kiss of the quality of her father's purse.

Many a man is a specimen of the miserable, others to act but the counsel and the sensible.

Many a man is a fool at the useful; others to act but the counsel and the sensible.

There is no use that a man of skull can't perform, and no skull that can't.

The strongest words are generally the softest ones.

CURRENT ITEMS

A GENTLEMAN living in Hoboken was awakened one night recently by the cries of his wife, and on rushing to her room found her in bed with a snake in the sheet, he heard a scuffling in the kitchen, and on going there found the snake in the act of swallowing a kitchen door he dropped the lamp with war at once exclaimed that he had got the snake in a corner and was safe. After a time the watcher opened the kitchen door and found the snake had escaped by the hole in the door. A pail followed. He struck a light and found that he had killed the snake and the snake had killed the pail, and that she had shut up in the kitchen to keep over night. The snake was about four feet long, and the pail was a new one. Professor and the bowels of the dog, and the poor man had to purchase another pail. The snake was about four feet long, and the pail was a new one. Professor and the bowels of the dog, and the poor man had to purchase another pail.

A WELL-DRESSED, though rude fellow, arrested in Paris, for the murder committed by peculiar early waiting by her side, as though he were not of the least importance. He was dressed in a suit of red, but he also stopped; and first went on when she addressed him. He was a man of the middle of gentlemen, who, seeing at a glance how matters stood, had taken the part of the lady. It was then that they "restrained" the ill-mannered fellow "of his liberty," in such a forcible way as to kill him. It was in this way when he resisted in—his eyes having been closed up by the lady's fingers.

A GENTLEMAN writing from Vienna says the Austrians are very much afraid of the war, and that there would be a war between Russia on the one hand and Austria and Prussia on the other, and even the Polish difficulties; and that it was the determination of the Czar to put down the Poles, and that he will do it even, against the Czar. The chances are, however, that the Poles will be successful in the end, and that Russia's difficulty is full of treasures, and France has all the best of the situation.

As an officer of the United States Army was riding in the streets of Washington, he was accosted by a man who had lost his horse, and who had been struck on the head by a horse. The man was very much injured, and the officer, who was a man of great humanity, gave him a horse to ride home on. The man was very much injured, and the officer, who was a man of great humanity, gave him a horse to ride home on.

THE Comanche Indians are reported to be on the war path. They have killed a white man recently, thinking him a good time to gratify their revenge upon the whites for the many wrongs and cruelties of which they have been the victims. They have killed a white man recently, thinking him a good time to gratify their revenge upon the whites for the many wrongs and cruelties of which they have been the victims.

A RAIL-ROAD, containing a number of wags, was run down by a schooner in the East river, one afternoon lately, and two of the wags were drowned. The schooner was rescued by persons on board the schooner, who leaped into the water for their purposes.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISCOMFITURE AND UNPARALLELED CONFUSION of the Democratic party, and the consequent triumph of the Republican party, is to be found in the fact that the Democratic leaders in the Northern States have been afraid to tell the truth to the people in the condemned declaration of 1869 and 1870.

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Or, 34 Park Row, New York.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS.—No. 25.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

CONSTANTINE AND HIS SONS.

THE conversion of Constantine from Heathenism "confessed his Saviour before men," and consecrated himself publicly with the Church of Christ, is a historic event worthy alike of the attention of the philosopher and of the Christian. The last years of Constantine's life were emblazoned by so many splendid achievements that we dwell on them with pleasure and admiration. While declining as an individual, he was constantly rising in his station from Cæsar to Augustus, and finally to sole emperor, now above all competitors in the whole empire. His power in the church, with prayers and tears and deep searchings of soul, and anxious seeking preparation to meet his God. Having obtained, as he believed, the favor of heaven, his cities were forgiven, and that he had obtained acceptance of his Heavenly Father, he prepared to make a public profession of his faith in Christ. While desiring no ostentatious display, it was his wish to acknowledge, before the whole world, that he was a penitent sinner trusting for his pardon to an atoning Saviour.

For this purpose, in the case of his princes, he selected a place of unsurpassed beauty, and all the bishops of the neighboring countries, and in the presence of a vast assemblage, kneeling at the altar, received the rite of baptism, and then partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. From this time until his death, which occurred soon after, he seemed to live the life of a sincere and devout follower of the Redeemer. Because says that Constantine, on receiving baptism, declared to his friends his determination to govern himself, in the retirement particularly, by "God's worthy laws of life." He was true to his universal creed.

How singular and how touching are these triumphs of Christianity! The proud benighted heart, in his cheerless but, bleeding, dying beneath the lash, finds in the Saviour of sinners the atoning sacrifice. The martyr in his dungeon, thus sustained, with pallid lips sings hallelujahs. The Emperor Constantine, robed in the purple of universal empire, in the gorgeous palace of Nicomedia, surrounded with all the pomp and splendor of an Oriental monarch, finds his heart overflowing with love to the Saviour, and his throne of Christ alone can give. He bows his head reverencing the waters of baptism, and commanding bread and wine he receives devoutly, tearfully, and with dying breath breathes these words: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

A few centuries pass away and there is another monarch, Charles V., whose empire rules almost the world. Weary of life he would lay down the scale of Ecumenism. There, in the cloisters of St. Justus, he weeps over his sin, and finds forgiveness in an atoning Saviour, assurance to the white robe and his penitent soul flies to the arms of Jesus. And thus the regal mind, which had stood unfaltering beneath the cares of universal empire, bows in humblest submission to that religion which can alone quell the storms that rage in the human soul.

Centuries roll on and again there is another monarch whose fame fills the world. Neither Cæsar's or the Constantines, works of war, nor yet to that of Napoleon. Contemplate the once mighty emperor, as through the long agony of St. Helena he sinks into the grave. There lies the dying monarch upon his death-couch at Longwood. Upon that imperial brow the perspiration drops like blood. That eagle eye is dimmed with tears, as with penitence, confession and fervid prayer he commits to the grave-yard that body which was broken and that blood which was shed for our sins. And then peaceful, trusting that all his sins are forgiven, he falls asleep.

How signal are these triumphs of Christianity! Irrisistible which fill the pages of history and biography. The emperor Constantine was never ashamed of his religion. He became practically an earnest preacher of the gospel, leaving many appeals to his subjects extending from to those on his ill at his former, and to accept Christ as their Saviour.

Upon the death of Constantine, the empire of the world was divided between his three sons. Constantine the eldest, with a slight preeminence of superiority, was invested with control portion of the empire, establishing himself at Constantinople as his capital. He was a man of dissolute habits and luxurious tastes, devoted entirely to self-indulgence, and the only object of his reign was the promotion of his own grandeur and pleasure. Most of the vast Asiatic realms, spreading east of the Hellespont, were assigned to Constantius. Constans, the youngest, took Italy and the western provinces as his portion of the imperial estate. All these young men were alike unworthy of their Christian sire. Accustomed to boundless wealth, and to the magnificence which limitless power engenders, they were intolerable oppressors of the nations. The palace is proverbially one of the worst places in the world in which to bring up a family of boys. These three disciplined upon the throne, and soon entered with the empire of power, were of the several ages of twenty-one, twenty, and seventeen years.

Constantine, their father, was truly a great man, possessed of wonderful executive power. He had been able to hold in check all the fierce nations crowding upon the frontiers of the empire. But his death was the signal for the bugle peals and the saluted banners of battle. On all sides there was the rush of armed hosts upon the dismembered and weakened empire. Persia, under the leadership of the warrior Sapor, stirred about the cry of defiance, and the war cloud was above the horizon. Germany was crowding in his palace, was alarmed, and with great reluctance was compelled by her noble his silken robes, and abandon his luxurious couches for the hardships of the camp on the plains of Mesopotamia. A series of fiercest battles swept those plains, as the Persian cohorts and the Roman legions struggled with desperation on the bloody fields.

While this war was raging, engrossing all the energies and absorbing the resources of Constantius, the elder brother, Constantine, was plotting to overthrow his younger brother Constans, the boy emperor, and seize his realms. Secretly he gathered his forces, and then, with an immense army, burst suddenly through the Julian Alps, and overran the provinces of Venetia in Italy. Constans, though but a boy of seventeen, was not deficient in spirit. He had able generals, who had not been lured his brother into an ambuscade, killed him, annihilated his army, and thrown the whole empire of Constantine under his own sway. These Constans was now undertaking to govern with the wisdom of the Roman empire.

One of his generals, Magnentius, despising his youth, conspired against him. On the occasion of a feast in the city of Autun, on a certain day, he entered the palace, and, with a band of conspirators, surrounded the banqueting hall. Suddenly the doors were closed, and the cry was heard that Magnentius was proclaimed emperor

HUSTING.

BY ALICE CARY.

On the mountain, in the morning,
Over valleys bright and gay,
New morning, and new going,
I've been hunting all the day.

I have seen the river winding
Its slow mist, full in fold,
And the May-day cunningly binding
Her dim forest in all gold.

I have seen the little bosoms
Of the bobolinks all aglow,
And the sunbirds with her blossoms
Like a garden on her bow.

The willow-flower has dabbled
In sweetness to my lips,
And the help-rose has filled
To my hand her finger-tips.

I have seen the ivy twining
With the low and lonely grass,
And the long red berries shining
In the pleasant meadows.

But lacking one thing only,
All the rest is meaningless—
The gladdest place is lonely,
And the sweetest is not sweet.

So, the flowery fell attracting
With its soft and cool soften path,
I've been all day a hunting,
A hunting all in vain.

SELF-MADE;
OR,
"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. S. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

CLAUDIA'S GIFT HOME.

"Thou beautiful like mountains's dressed
Spread on our sun-brown scenes,
What gift can earth bestow on thee
All gracious and serene?" ANON.

Just north of the Capitol-park, upon a gentle eminence, within its own well-shaded and well-cultivated grounds, stood a fine, cool, family mansion, that had once been the temporary residence of George Washington.

The house was very large, with many spacious rooms and broad passages within, and broad garden walks and trellised arbors around it.

In front were so many evergreens and bowers in the rear was so fine a conservatory of blooming flowers, that even in the dead of winter it secured like summer there.

The house so secluded within its many thick trees and high garden walls that the noise of the city never reached its inmates; though they were within five minutes' walk of the Capitol and very nearer drive of the President's mansion.

Judge Merlin had been very fortunate in securing for the season this delightful home, where he could within easy reach of his official business, and at the same time enjoy the quiet so necessary to his temperament.

That winter he had been appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and it was very desirable to have so pleasant a resting place within such ready reach of the Capitol, where the court was held. At the head of this fine young daughter had been placed as its mistress. She had not yet passed her sixteenth. Here was reserved, indeed for two events: the arrival of her cousin Claudia, and the coming out of her own first season. Her presence in the city was not even certainly known beyond her own domestic circle; though a vague rumor, started no one knew by whom, was afloat to the effect that Miss Merlin, the young Maryland heiress and beauty, was expected to come out in Washington during the current season.

Meanwhile she remained in seclusion in her father's house.

It was to this delightful town house, as like to the country in its loftiness, that Ishmael Worth was invited.

It was just at sunrise on Tuesday morning that the old steamer Columbia, having Ishmael on board, docked at the Seventh Street Wharf, and the young man, declined some future day to fill a high official position in the Federal government, took his humble carpet-bag in his hand and entered the Federal city.

All many thousands had entered the National capital before him, and many more thousands would enter it after him, only to complain of it, to say that there is no laugh in it, for the people are serious; its unfinished buildings, its muddy streets and its mean dwellings.

But Ishmael entered within its boundaries with feelings of reverence and affection. It was the City of Washington, the sacred heart of the nation.

He had heard it called by shallow-brained and short-sighted people a ruinous failure! It was a wilderness, indeed, he thought, but no failure! Failure? Why what did those who called it so expect? Did they expect to make a great capital of the great Republic should spring into full-grown existence as quickly as a basket around a railway station, or a village at a steamboat landing? Great ideas require time and labor for their complete embodiment. And those who secured a Washington were as little capable of foreseeing its future, as the tillers about the steamboat wharf were of foreseeing the fortunes of the modest-looking youth, in country clothes, who stood there gazing thoughtfully upon the city.

"Can you tell me the nearest way to Pennsylvania Avenue?" at length he asked of a bystander.

"Just set your face to the North and follow your nose about a mile, and it will bring you right to the broadest street as ever you see; and that 'll be it," was the answer.

With this simple direction, Ishmael went on until he came to the avenue, which was recognized at once from the description.

The City flaunted in majestic grandeur upon the top of its wooded hill at the eastern extremity of the avenue, and glowing softly in the rays of the morning sun, seeming to preside over the whole scene, even attracted Ishmael's admiration. As his way lay towards it, he had ample time to contemplate its imposing magnificence and beauty.

As he drew near it, however, he began to throw his eyeglances around the surrounding country in search of Judge Merlin's house. He soon identified it—a large old family mansion, standing in a thick grove of trees on a hill just north of the Capitol grounds. He directed to the left, and the Capitol hill, and soon found himself at the iron gate leading to the grounds.

Here his old acquaintance, Sam, being on duty as porter, admitted him, and, taking him by a winding gravel walk, that turned and twisted among groves and parterres, led him up to the house, and delivered him into the charge of a black footman, who was at that early hour engaged in opening the doors and windows.

He was the same Jim who used to wait on the table at Tanglewood.

"Good morning, Mr. Ishmael, sir," he said, advancing in a friendly and respectful manner, to receive the new arrival.

"The judge expected us this morning, Jim?" the inquired Ishmael, when he had returned the greeting of the man.

"Oh, yes, sir; and ordered your room got ready for you. The family sind down yet, sir; but I can show you your room," said Jim, taking Ishmael's carpet bag from him, and leading the way up stairs.

They went up three flights of stairs, to a small front room in the third story, with one window, looking west.

Here Jim set down the carpet bag, saying:

"It's rather high up, sir; but you see we are expecting company for the winter, and so many and of course the best spare rooms has to be give up to the best. I think you will find everything you could wish for at hand, sir; but if there should be anything else wanted, you can ring, and one of the men servants will come up." And with this, Jim bowed and left the room.

Ishmael looked around upon his new domicile. It was a very plain room, with plain cane furniture, neatly arranged; a brown, woolen carpet on the floor; white muslin curtains at the window; and a small cool fire in the grate. Yet it was much better than Ishmael had ever accustomed to at home, and besides, an expected position of five hundred dollars a month from the only window, compensated in a measure.

Ishmael walked up to this window and pushed the dainty white curtain, and looked out upon the whole of the city of Washington, Georgetown, the windings of the Potomac and Anacostia rivers, Analostan Island, and the undulating hills of the Virginia and Maryland shores, all spread like a vast panorama before him.

As the thickest was a necessity to Judge Merlin's nature, so the widely extended prospect was a need of Ishmael's spirit; his eyes must travel when his feet could not.

Feeling perfectly satisfied with his quarters, Ishmael at last left the window and made his toilet, preparatory to meeting the Judge and Claudia.

Feeling, beating heart, he still! he still? he said to himself, as the anticipation of that latter moment, now so near, brought the throbbing to his heart.

"Ah, but I have neither mother nor sister to think of me at festive times; but yes, dear Bess, you make me forget the need of love.

You have 'neither mother nor sister,' Ishmael? Now, do not think so, when my dear Mother and myself live; for I am sure she loves you as a son, Ishmael, and I love you as a brother," answered Bess, speaking comfort to the lonely youth from the depths of her own grateful heart. But oh! the intense think that followed her words might have revealed to an interested observer how much more than any brother she loved Ishmael Worth!

Judge Merlin, Claudia, Mr and Mrs. Middleton and Ishmael went to church.

Bess stayed home to see that the menses took proper care of the children.

They had a family Christmas dinner.

And after the dinner Ishmael excused himself, and went over to the "Plough," to spend the evening with Hannah and Hannah. After reading the three friends went to the theatre, and saw Mr. Forrest play the Comedy of Errors—together. And it did many an old, satisfied laugh over good to see the hearty zest with which honest Reuben enjoyed the fun.

And on Ishmael's behalf behind him in their keen appreciation of the comedy, as they were seated at which Hannah and Ishmael only smiled, Reuben rubbed his hands and chuckled, and, starting all the audience.

"It 'll be a long time I don't live in the city, Hannah, my dear, for I would go to the play every night, and it becomes, indeed, a real luxury at the close of the business.

"Reuben and Hannah, I wish you both, for it would be the reinstation of you!" admitted Ishmael.

They went back to the "Plough," where the Christmas supper was served for them in the plain little private sitting-room. After partaking sumptuously of the delicacies, Ishmael left them good night, and returned home.

Reuben and Hannah had a week in the city. Reuben took her about to see all the sights and to shop. Then they returned to the "Plough" to stay, when the President received the public. Reuben took Hannah to the White House to pay their duty to the chief magistrate of the country. And there, in the Blue Parlor, Hannah was introduced to Ishmael, and all their friends, and returned to their own home in the city. Reuben and

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through the right-hand gate, and along the lighted circular avenue that led up to the front entrance of the palace. Even on this misty night, the grounds were gayly illuminated and well filled. But crowded as the scene was, the utmost order prevailed. The carriages that came up the right-hand avenue halted at the gate, charged them at the entrance hill and rolled away empty down the left-hand avenue, so that there was a continuous procession of full carriages coming up one way and empty carriages going down the other.

At length Judge Merlin's carriage, coming slowly along in the line, drew up in its turn before the front of the mansion. The wide folds of the White House was splendidly illuminated, as if to express in radiant light a welling welcome. The halls were occupied by attentive officers who received the visitors and ushered them into cloak rooms. Within the house also, great as the crowd of visitors was, the most perfect order prevailed.

Judge Merlin and his party were received by a civil, respectable officer, who directed them to a cloak room; and they soon found themselves in a close, comfortable room of moderate size. When the gentlemen had succeeded in arranging their ladies safely in this room, and seen them well over the threshold, they rolled up the overcoats where they were to await their hats and overcoats before coming back to take their parties into the saloons.

In the ladies' cloak room, Claudia and her chaperone found themselves in a brilliant, unpracticable crowd. There were about half-a-dozen tall dressing glasses in the room, and about half-a-hundred young ladies were trying to smooth braids and ringlets and restore crushed and corrosets by their aid. And there were about half-a-hundred more in the saloon, who were not taking off opera cloaks, shaking outbosoms, and wearing their tartan in the way to the mirrors and soon, quite ready and waiting the appearance of their escort at the door to take them to the saloon; and beside these young ladies crowding in and some were passing out continually, and through the open doors there was a scene of lively arriving and the crowds of those passing on to the reception room, were always visible.

Claudia looked upon this seething multitude with a smile.

"What a scene!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, but wait till, when all are here. There never has been such order and system in these crowded receptions as now under the management of Mrs. ——" said Mrs. Middleton, naming the accomplished lady who, this season, ruled the domestic affairs of the White House.

At Mrs. Middleton and Claudia's call Juliana put their bullets, to the stinking of the very hot pie, before leaving their dressing glasses. At home, they had now nothing to do but to give their opera cloaks to a woman in attendance and to extend near the door to watch for the appearance of Judge Merlin and Mr. Middleton. They had but a few minutes to wait. The gentlemen soon came and gave their cards to a boy in livery, who led them to join the throng that were slowly making their way through the crowded hall of our party, like all their companions, were pressed forward in the crowd until they were finally pushed into the presence-chamber, known as our social common drawing-room, in which the President and his family waited to receive their visitors.

Yes! there he stood! the majestic old man, with his kindly smile on his face, and his white hair from clothed on the Republican citizen's dress of straight coat! There he stood in the midst of the victories of a score of well-fought fields, receiving the meed of honor due to him by his patriotism and his courage! A crowd of admirers perpetually passed before him; by the orderly arrangement of the ushers, they came up on the right hand side, bowed or courtsied before him, received a cordial shake of the hand, a smile and a few kind words, and then passed on to the left towards the grand saloon commonly known as the East Room. Perhaps never has any President since Washington made himself so much beloved by the people as Old Guard —— during his short administration. Great love-compassing power and great dignified and benignant old-man! Fit to be the chief magistrate of a great, free people! Fit, at least so thought Judge Merlin's daughter as she curtsied before him, received the cordial shake of his hand, heard the kind tones of his voice say —

"I am very glad to see you, my dear!" and passed on with the throng who were proceeding toward the East Room.

Once arrived in that magnificent room, they found space enough even for that vast crowd to move about in. This room is too well known to the public to need any labored description. For the information of those who have not been seen it, it is sufficient to say that its dimensions are magnificent, and its decorations superb, its furniture luxurious, and its illuminations splendid. There enormous chandeliers, the centre one of which flooded the scene with light, and a fine tone band, somewhere out of sight, filled the air with music. A brilliant company collected, but did not crowd, the room. There were assembled beautiful girls in flower-like women, gorgeous old ladies; there were officers of the army of the navy in their full dress uniforms; there were the diplomatic corps of all foreign nations in the costumes of their several ranks and countries: there were grave senators and wise judges and lady dirines; there were Indian chiefs in their heads and blankets; there were ambassadors from Poles from Warsaw; exiled Russians from Berlin and Cossacks' tents from the Crimea! There was, in fact, such a curious assemblage as can be met with in no country on the face of the earth but in the ever drawing-room of our President's palace on a great reception evening!

Into this motley but splendid assemblage Judge Merlin led his beautiful daughter. At first her entrance attracted no attention; but when one, and then another caught sight of the striking new star of beauty that had so suddenly risen above their horizon, a whisper arose that soon grew into a general buzz of admiration that attended Claudia in her progress through the room and demanded her approach to those at the upper end. And——

"Who is she?" "Who can she be?" were the low-toned questions that reached her ear as her father led her to a sofa and seated her upon it. But those questions came not from those who were strangers in Washington. Of course all elders knew the person of Judge Merlin, and therefore the young lady on his arm to be his daughter.

Soon after the judge and his party were seated, his friends began to come forward to pay their respects to him, and to be presented to his beautiful daughter.

Claudia received all these with a self-possession, grace and fascination, peculiarly her own.

There was no doubt about it!—Miss Merlin's first entrance into society had been a great success; she had made a sensation.

Among those presented to Miss Merlin on that occasion was the Honorable ——, the British Minister. He was young, handsome, accomplished, and a bachelor! Consequently he was a target for all the shafts of Cupid that ladies' eyes could send.

He offered his arm to Miss Merlin for a promenade through the room. His accepted it, and became as much the envy of every unmarried lady present, as if the offer made and accepted had been for a promenade through life!

No such thought, however, as that young English minister's mind; for after making the circuit of the room two or three times, he exchanged the companion back, and, with a smile brought his companion back, and, with a smile and a bow, left her in the care of her father.

But if the people were inclined to feed their envy, they found plenty of food for this appetite. A few minutes after Miss Merlin had resumed her seat, a general buzz of voices announced some new arrival. Claudia looked up, and beheld the entrance of the President and his family into the room.

For some good reason or other, known only to his own friendly heart, the President, on being hilariously, dispensing bows, smiles and kind words as he passed, went straight up to the sofa whereon his old friend, Judge Merlin, sat, took a seat beside him, and entered into conversation.

And their talk was not about state affairs, foreign or domestic policy, duties, imports, war, peace——no! their talk was of old times, old friends, old pleasures, old holidays they had seen, or the orchards they had robbed; of the well-contested matches they had won or lost at the good old school-master, long since dust and ashes, who had loved and laughed at them!

Claudia listened, and loved the old man more, and that the more, the more she saw of him. His bloody victories, the presence of his political friends, and the pomp and pride of power, did not retrain himself with the green reminiscences of his youth. He was the same simple, kind-hearted young girl to feel so much sympathy without knowing why, and to love the President for the old man. He looked at his old friend, Judge Merlin, and saw the old school-boy, and entered into conversation.

"I was glad to hear that you had left the cares of office for a few days, and come down to the country," said the President. "I am sure that the change will do you good. You look well, and I hope that you have enjoyed your holidays very much."

"Yes, I have enjoyed the holidays very much indeed, Mr. President," said the judge, "and I am glad to see you looking so well. I hope that the good old school-master, long since dust and ashes, has not bored and degraded you!"

Claudia listened, and loved the old man more, and that the more, the more she saw of his bloody victories, the presence of his political friends, and the pomp and pride of power, did not retrain himself with the green reminiscences of his youth. He was the same simple, kind-hearted young girl to feel so much sympathy without knowing why, and to love the President for the old man. He looked at his old friend Judge Merlin, and saw the old school-boy, and entered into conversation.

"I am glad that you have enjoyed your holidays very much indeed, Mr. President," said the judge, "and I am glad to see you looking so well. I hope that the good old school-master, long since dust and ashes, has not bored and degraded you!"

"Yes, and I suppose that she was the widow Bedott of early days. Well, I am not surprised at her conquest, who could resist those dimples; in fact, she must be irresistible.

"I wonder who we became of her?"

"Oh, I can tell you. I received a letter about the last Congress of Humbumocans; but the letter was written by such a big trooper of becoming that I suppose she has married one of his phrases"—said Mr. Middleton, with a mischievous smile.

Claudia, who had been a silent, thoughtful and deeply interested listener, laughed gayly at the reply, but nothing in it said served to look the secret that was growing in her heart. Nothing up before the gate.

At length the last name was closed and darkened, except a little light that burned in the window of the bower, to show the way to the house.

"It was Ishmael's image; and as plainly as if she had been in it there, Claudia, in imagination saw the dark, wild, Arab-like countenance over the volume lay open before him.

"It was Ishmael's self. Claudia gave her hand to her mother and led, left the carriage to the house of her father, and soon was lost in the house, whereupon were admitted by the porter.

And in another hour they were all in repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

RAGGED MELODY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Shadow like stretch the tallest pains,
That sprang low the blest river flow—
Such the spirit of the Ancient Mariner
The minstrel-king sang ago.

And being from wonders of Heaven a race,
Such the spirit of Israel's song,
His fervidest wonder-inflation glows
At the hand of the Lord so long.

II.

O that I—have flowered my leaps from his lyre!
O that I—attained to his song,
Becoming Heaven's wonder on some days
That borne the footprints's throng!

Not a flame of Job's godless ambition is here
Nor a Lucifer pride in the world-wide lyre;
He is circled as by a parable-sphere
By the Lord's own fire.

III.

Then shadow like stretch tallest pains
That sprang low the blest river flow—
Such the spirit of the Ancient Mariner
The minstrel-king sang ago!

SHE MADDA MAN OF HIM!

BY REGAN GLYDON.

Fred. Harper sang in to see Estie Merlin one evening, and the eyes to an unusual extent, and the cheeks to a deeper color, glowing richly upon the white shoulders, gleaming through the curls.

Hattie was so much about a new project of Mildred. It was proposed to form a company of the young folk who were to join one of the regiments being got by the State to the Army of the North, and Hattie, as Colonel of the company, with a perfect material, the young men, to be sure, but with a perfect confidence in each other. Hattie had originated among all the young folk, and had got so we have said, to spend his evenings in return learning the drilling and the exercises. He was a quiet, and very popular young fellow, and very soon had a company and band of fifers, drummers, and buglers, and a perfect band, accurate, in time and tune, and so fond of a poet,—and was a fine musician, like a fiddler.

He wasn't writing, nobody improbable poetry, as Hattie knew, though——

Hattie was such bright, vivacious, practical girl as Estie was dull and hazy; and pretty enough to make even a want of sentiment in herself quite unnoticed and attractive. She had no friend as to Fred. Wilkinson on the volunteer question. Of course he would go, and by his bravery win his glorious star off her beauty with Vincent.

Vincent was a handsome, fine young English gentleman—tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested; and had brought with him a fair, young English bride, curling hair and hand; and clear, bright eyes, and a fine, young English voice that he knew how well. His manners were those of a perfect gentleman, and his conversation brilliant; but, alas, for Claudia! the greatest charm he possessed for her was—he was a bachelor, handsome, more generous than brilliant, than this viscount; but that other was a baronet, entitled and surrounded in the world. The viscount was so engaged with some one of the young ladies, that Claudia, before it observed that the company was dropping off, and that Mrs. Middleton was looking for her and Miss Merlin back to her party, took a slight turn of an old, second to the President and departed.

Judge Merlin, who had only waited for his daughter, now arose to go. His party made their adieus and left the saloon. As so many of the guests had already gone, they found the hall and cloak-room comparatively free of crowd, and easily made their way to the door of the mansion and the ladies' dressing-room, and the gentlemen's overcoat room, and not to call the carriage, which was ordered before they left the saloon, and drove to the door. The sky had not cleared, but the rain was falling more lightly. The ushers gleaned through the rain-drops, and Claudia felt quite proud of the attention she had been at college.

As the carriage rolled along, Judge Merlin, who had been conversing with the President, the viscount, the consuls,

were most eloquent in their mute supplication. Fortunately, the Englishwoman understood her, and with a strength few persons would have given her credit for, she dragged the negress from the side of the couch.

The woman drew from beneath her light cotton jacket a long glittering knife.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said Mrs. Drake, speaking with the utmost composure; "I am not, in the slightest. Sands," she added, "you may come in."

The broad-shouldered Northumbrian sailor, whose remarks had first excited her suspicions, made his appearance.

"What's your will, marm?" he asked, touching his forelock respectfully, in lieu of his cap.

"Take that black creature out of the cabin."

"Directly, marm."

The negress uttered a low, menacing cry, which sounded something like the growl of a disappointed panther, and stood evidently prepared to resist.

"Take her away, I say."

Sands grappled with the woman, and after a short struggle, disarmed her; not without receiving a severe cut, however, upon the palm of his right hand.

"Are you much hurt, Sands?" inquired the female commander.

"It be only a scratch, marm."

"Glad to hear it," replied the lady; "but as scratching, especially with knives, is not allowed on board the Snake, you will take that woman below decks."

"Yes, marm."

"Handcuff her, to prevent more mischief, and confine her there till further orders. And, Sands, pass the word to the crew to take no notice of what has occurred."

"I'd like to catch any one splitting after the captain's lady has passed the word," replied the sailor, with a broad grin. "Come, no mutiny," he added, turning to the negress; "you heard?"

"Me no go. Dis Massa Welby ship; dat woman no bizziness send me 'way."

"Come," repeated Sands.

"Me no go, I tell you; me scream, me cry for 'sistence. Help, Massa Welby—help—hel——"

The third help was cut short by the hand of the honest fellow, who had seen the manner in which she stifled the cries of her prisoner, and, despite her resistance, he succeeded in dragging her from the cabin.

Poor Blanche, all this while, remained in an agony of hope and fear; she knew not what to expect or trust to. Throwing her arms suddenly round the neck of the protectress Providence appeared to have suddenly raised up for her, she let fall her head upon her shoulders, sobbing like a child, and murmuring her broken thanks.

"There, my dear, that will do," said Mrs. Drake, who rarely gave way to emotion of any kind—she considered it *unseaman-like*. "Tell me all about it. Bless me, how you have rumpled my collar! Has your brother," she continued, "brought you on board against your will?"

"Brother!" repeated Blanche. "I have no brother!"

"Ah! I thought not."

"I have a husband—a brave, noble, affectionate husband!"

"Who was killed in one of the late battles, fighting against the Southerners?" observed the captain's wife, speaking very composedly. "I have heard all about him. Very dreadful, no doubt. By-the-by, I wonder you are not in widow's weeds."

"My husband is still living; or was so yesterday," answered Blanche, bursting into tears.

Her hearer regarded her doubtfully.

"He is a prisoner in New Orleans—kept from me three whole days. I understand why, now; to enable my persecutor to carry me off. But you will save me?" continued the agitated girl, her fears returning. "I am an Englishwoman, like yourself; my father, at least, was English. You will not suffer me to be insulted, outraged by the presence of that fearful man?"

"What fearful man, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Drake, who began to suspect that the mind of the speaker was wandering. "I do not know his name. Is it Welby?"

"He is related to the British consul," replied Blanche; "and his influence occasioned my husband's unjust imprisonment. There, read! Do not look so doubtingly at me, as if I were not speaking truthfully."

She placed in the hands of her protectress the note written by Mr. Austin, whilst waiting at the Government House for the order to visit the prisoner. The captain's wife perused it attentively, and, after some further questioning, began to see clearly through the affair.

"It is rather difficult to understand you at first, my dear," she observed; "but that perhaps is because you have, doubtless, read a great many novels. Now, I never read one in my life—a great advantage in serious matters. Had I been in your position, I could have told my story in two minutes. No one would have suspected me of being mad."

"Mad?" repeated Blanche.

"Yes."

"Who could have told you so?"

"Mr. Welby."

His victim shuddered as she heard the name.

"He said that you were out of your senses for the loss of your husband, killed in battle, and that your shrieks at times were really heart-rending. No untruth in that."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I did."

"The monster!"

"Men are all alike," remarked Mrs. Drake, with the utmost composure, "or nearly so. It is not often, though, that they deceive me. In your case I had no motive for suspicion; if I had, do you imagine I would have permitted you to be brought on board the Snake, like a bale of smuggled goods? I should think not. But now that I know the exact truth——"

"You will not leave me! for pity's sake do not quit me for an instant!" exclaimed the terrified girl, clinging a second time to her protectress.

"Leave you?" replied the little woman, drily; "I should think not, my dear. What do you take me for?"

"Bless you! bless you for that promise."

"That will do," observed the captain's wife, disengaging herself from her embrace; "you have rumpled my collar again. Be under no alarm, you are quite safe on board *my ship*; the worst that can happen is a sea-voyage—nothing like it for strengthening the nerves. Good for your health; you seem rather weak."

There was nothing very sympathizing either in the words or manner of the speaker, and yet she meant to be so. In her disposition she resembled the Indian nut—the outside rough and forbidding, but the kernel full of the sweet milk of human kindness. She was one of those women who never shrink from the performance of a duty, no matter how painful or disagreeable, but accepted it as a thing not to be avoided or tampered with.

Rising from the couch on which she had hitherto been seated, she walked with an air of quiet determination towards the cabin door—oh, how anxiously the eyes of Blanche followed her!—and called for Sands.

"On deck, marm," shouted a boyish voice.

"Pass the word for him."

"D'rectly, marm."

In a few minutes the sailor made his appearance, pulled his forelock a second time, and stood waiting for orders.

"The negress?" said the captain's wife.

"Safe under hatches."

"Keep her there."

"Intend to do so, marm; savage as a wild cat. It's downright awful to hear how she's goin' on."

"Don't let any of the boys go near her; they learn wickedness quite soon enough. Tell the steward to send my tea here; the captain will take his in his own cabin."

"He is taking wine with the two landsmen," observed Sands; "they have just rang for more."

Mrs. Drake did not appear altogether pleased at the intelligence.

"Send them in coffee," she said; "do them much more good."

"Any more orders, marm?"

"Yes, bring me my Bible."

Mrs. Drake succeeded at last not only in calming the agitation of her involuntary passenger, but in persuading her to take some refreshment.

"You must," she urged, "to keep up your strength; and I will add something to do you good."

Having been for so many years accustomed to accompany her husband in his voyages, the intelligent little woman never travelled without her medicine chest: what was more, she knew how to use it. The captain and the crew had unbounded confidence in her prescriptions—not very remarkable, perhaps, on the part of the husband, but certainly on the part of the sailors, who, generally speaking, entertain a profound contempt for all doctor's stuff.

"What is that?" inquired Blanche, curiously, when she saw her dropping a dark-looking liquid from a small phial carefully into her tea.

"Laudanum, my dear. Five—six—seven——"

"For me?"

"Don't put me out. Eight—nine—ten."

"I dare not take it."

"Nonsense! Eleven, twelve. It will do you good. Thirteen!" added the speaker. "That will be quite sufficient to calm your nerves—I never was troubled with such things—and make you sleep."

"Sleep is what I most dread."

The captain's wife regarded her earnestly.

"I did not mean to offend you," added the prisoner, timidly.

"You have not offended me," was the reply. "Perhaps you have hurt me a little; but never mind that—soon get over it: am not very sensitive."

"I will take it," exclaimed Blanche; "it was wicked, ungrateful of me to hesitate for an instant, after such generous kindness."

"Perhaps you had better not," observed Mrs. Drake. "With such feelings upon your mind, it might only excite you. I offered it for the best."

"I am sure you did. Give me the cup."

"You really wish it?"

"Really."

"Take it, my dear," said the kind-hearted woman, her heart warming to her for her confidence. "Have no fear; I shall not quit the cabin to-night, and Sands has orders to swing his hammock within sound of my voice; not that it will be necessary to wake him," she added: "bad men are rarely brave ones."

Blanche drank the tea, and soon afterwards fell into a profound sleep. Her protectress felt her pulse with a professional air, listened to her breathing, threw a shawl over her feet, then lit the lamp, and opening the Bible which she held upon her knees, prepared to pass the night by her side.

When Ernest Welby came on board the Snake with his companion, his first question was for his sister, as he designated his victim. The captain informed him that she was in the cabin with her nurse, and properly cared for.

"It is little attention she requires," replied the hypocrite. "Solitude and the companionship of her faithful nurse are best for her."

John Bentley laid his hand upon his arm.

"Well," said the young villain.

"I wish I could persuade you to spare her," whispered the Englishman, as soon as Captain Drake had walked to another part of the deck.

The consul's relative answered him only by a scornful laugh.

"Spare her!" he repeated, his eyes flashing fire, "after having been struck twice by the clod of a husband!"

"At least, his blows were manly ones," observed his associate.

"A reproach?"

"No."

"A menace, then?"

"Neither one nor the other, Welby; it was a request. You have refused to listen to that; I have now only my advice to offer. Be cautious how you proceed. If the commander of the Snake is a simple-minded, he is an honest man. The entire crew are Englishmen."

"What then?"

"If they were to detect you in any foul play upon their countrywoman, you might meet with rough usage at their hands," answered Bentley.

"I am quite prepared to run the risk."

"They will deliver you up to justice at Liverpool," added his friend.

"They must catch me there first," thought Ernest Welby, well-knowing that the danger was a remote one.

"Come, what say you?"

Young as he was, the adventurer possessed that flexibility of character which moulds itself to almost every circumstance. He saw that the speaker was in earnest; regarded the crew—a set of fine, resolute-looking men—and decided that it would be best, at least for a while, to temporise.

"There may be some reason in what you say," he observed, "and I promise you——"

"To forego your purpose?" interrupted Bentley, eagerly.

"No, can't do that; but to give her fair play," he replied. "You don't know these half-castes as I do; their feelings are as variable as their tempers. Ten to one but before we arrive in Liverpool, she is as fond as she now appears terrified at me."

"In that case I can have nothing farther either to advise or object," answered the Englishman, walking away.

Welby smiled secretly at his simplicity. So far from having abandoned his purpose, he adhered to it more tenaciously than ever.

In the evening, when coffee was brought in, he inquired rather anxiously for Mrs. Drake. The captain informed him that his wife preferred taking tea in her own cabin.

CHAPTER LXVI.

> Well may dreams present us fictions,
> Since our waking moments teem
> With such fanciful convictions,
> As make life itself a dream.
> Half our daylight faith's a fable;
> Sleep disports with shadows too,
> Seeming, in their turn, as stable
> As the world we wake to view.
> CAMPBELL.

In China the most painful death inflicted on criminals is by depriving them of sleep. No torments invented by the cruel ingenuity of man, we are told, can equal this; the stake and cord are merciful compared with it. How grateful ought we then to feel to that benignant Being whose love has provided so constant a balm! Sleep is the *pabulum* of life; it falls like a feather from an angel's wing upon the worn lids of sorrow and fatigue, steeping the senses in forgetfulness, or visiting them with those sweet dreams which suck the venom from the wounds of the past, and strengthen us with hope for the future.

Sleep! how many an aching heart and toil-worn brain have cause to bless thee! Thou art Death's image, shorn of his terrors, the waking from thee an emblem of that final rising from the bed of earth, when the archangel's trumpet shall proclaim time to be no more.

Although Mrs. Drake was anything but of a poetical temperament—we question if she had ever read a hundred lines of poetry in her life, the Psalms and Dr. Watt's Hymns excepted—she was much struck by the placid expression which gradually stole over the pale countenance of Blanche. The rigid lines into which fear and agony had contracted the muscles of the face, the compression of the lips, disappeared, and her breath came gently and evenly.

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Drake murmured, as she gazed upon her, "sleep is a blessed thing. I wonder why I never thought so much of it before? I suppose because it comes as a matter of course to me."

How many blessings are made light of, because they come as a matter of course!

Presently Blanche smiled, and murmured the name of her husband.

"Poor thing! poor thing! so young, too!" said the watcher, looking up from the Bible, which still rested upon her knees; "it is well I am here to guard you."

It was well, for a few minutes afterwards Mrs. Drake detected the sounds of a light footstep stealthily approaching the cabin door. Some females would have felt alarmed or nervous under the circumstance; it had no such effect, however, upon her, unless to knit her brows, and give a stronger expression of determination to her features.

"The rascal!" she muttered to herself.

The next instant the door of the cabin was quietly opened, and Ernest Welby made his appearance, but started back in confusion when he beheld the captain's wife.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Where better could I be?" demanded the little woman, calmly, "than watching the sleep of innocence and suffering? I've heard a good deal in America about 'woman's mission,' but never understood what it meant till now. It is to take care of one another."

"My dear madam," said the young ruffian, uncertain, from her cool, collected manner, and the even tone in which she spoke, whether she divined the motive of his visit or not, "I really cannot allow you to fatigue yourself by watching all night, with my sister."

"*Sister?*" repeated Mrs. Drake, sarcastically.

"Let me request you to send the nurse to her. I will remain till she arrives. Believe me, I appreciate your kindness," added the hypocrite; "can never sufficiently thank you."

"Well!" exclaimed the little woman, "you have spoken truth for once. You never can sufficiently thank me for saving you from a base and bad action. You had better leave the cabin," she added, pointing to the door.

"I do not understand you."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. Welby, very sorry for you. You are a greater scoundrel than I suspected, and I regret having permitted my husband to charter the Snake to you."

"Having chartered her," observed the consul's relative, "it strikes me I am liberty to act as I please on board."

"I should like to see any man doing as he pleased on board my ship," replied the petticoat commander; "pretty discipline I should have!"

"Where is the nurse?"

"Do you mean the black woman?"

"Yes. Where is she?"

"Under hatches," said Mrs. Drake, coolly.

"Under hatches!"

"And in irons."

"Irons!" repeated Ernest Welby, wrathfully.

"Of course!" exclaimed the captain's wife. "Refused to obey orders and quit the cabin when I ordered her; drew her knife upon one of the crew—wounded him."

"This is intolerable! insolent!" interrupted Welby, his passion increasing every moment. "I must see your husband."

"Pray see him," said the lady, ironically.

"You have no right, virago! hag!——"

"Hav'n't I!" replied Mrs. Drake, without permitting herself to be in the slightest degree ruffled by the anything but complimentary epithets he applied to her. "We will discuss that point of maritime law when we arrive in Liverpool."

"Don't be too certain *that you will arrive there*," exclaimed the ruffian, with a bitter laugh.

"Indeed!"

"*The Mississippi is nearer than the Mersey.*"

The words had no sooner escaped him than Ernest Welby felt sensible of the imprudence his disappointment and fury had betrayed him into, and endeavored to turn it off with a laugh. The captain's wife regarded him earnestly.

"Thank you for the hint," she said. "I believe that you are villain enough for anything. The warning shall not be thrown away; and, sir, for the last time, quit the cabin. It is true we are alone—two weak women; one," she added, pointing to Blanche, "as you perceive, perfectly defenceless; but the other has only to raise her voice and speak the word, to cause you to be placed under hatches with your accomplice. You are a fine gentleman," she continued, ironically, "a very fine one, no doubt, but you would find such a position even more ridiculous than disagreeable."

The young wretch doubtless thought so too, and casting a look of disappointment towards his sleeping victim, rushed out of the cabin, muttering curses as he disappeared.

Mrs. Drake resumed her seat, first assuring herself that their conversation had not disturbed the slumber of Blanche, and tried to read again; but the attempt proved a vain one; the words of the sacred page seemed to dance before her eyes, and run into one another, till she could scarcely distinguish a single letter.

The menances of Ernest Welby had disturbed her; and, finding the effort to fix her attention useless, she reverently closed the holy volume.

"What could he mean," she murmured to herself, "by not reaching Liverpool? by the Mississippi being nearer than the Mersey? Of course it is nearer; but the wind is fair, and every hour lessens the distance. Can't make it out! I must think! think!"

And for several minutes the little woman remained buried in profound reflection.

"They were no idle words," she exclaimed, at last, "uttered in the heat of passion: there was a meaning and a danger in them—some wicked scheme. But then, Mr. Bentley, his partner. Such a respectable firm! He may have been deceived too. I must see my husband instantly."

Having come to this conclusion, she walked to the cabin door, and called for Sands.

The sturdy sailor was at her side, armed to the teeth, and ready for action in an instant.

"What's your will, missis?" he demanded.

"Call the captain."

"The captain has only just turned in."

"Only just turned in!" repeated the lady, greatly astonished. "What time is it?"

"Eight bells (midnight), I reckon."

"And only just turned in!" observed the lady, angrily.

"Weel, missis," replied Sands, pulling his forelock as usual, "it was no the captain's fault, I'm thinking. The 'merican gentleman opened a case of furrin wine. Had it been gude, honest whisky, the thing wad not a happened."

"What would not have happened?"

"The captain wad a walked quietly to his berth, I'm thinkin', instead o' bein' carried; and that's just what it is, missis."

"What would become of the Snake," thought the angry wife, "if there were not two commanders on board?" But she said nothing, wisely reserving her observations for the private ear of her husband; and we think we may venture to assure our readers that they lost nothing of their force by being deferred.

"That will do, Sands," she said, half-closing the cabin door.

"Is the captain to be called at the usual time, missis?"

"Certainly," replied the lady, sharply; "and let the steward tell him I wish to speak with him."

Mrs. Drake found herself placed in very unusual circumstances. In the first place, she had Blanche to watch over and protect; that she felt to be her first duty, which no consideration should induce her to neglect: in the second, she began to entertain serious uneasiness respecting the safe arrival of the ship; and in the third, her husband, for the first time in his life, had got tipsy on board. But her energy rose with the occasion: so true is it that Providence rarely deserts those who do not desert themselves.

When the captain made his appearance the following morning it was with a very humble look. His better half assumed her most magisterial air, as she asked him if he were yet *capable* of listening to her.

"Of course, my love. Why not?"

It was a most indiscreet question; a hardened culprit would not have asked it.

"*Why not?*" repeated his wife; "but we will not enter into that subject now, Captain Drake."

"As you please, my dear," said her husband, in the tone of a man who suddenly experiences great relief. "Why have you passed the night out of your own cabin?"

"I intend to pass every night out of my own cabin till we arrive in port, Captain Drake."

"Oh, indeed!"

"And every day too," added the lady.

"Ah!"

There was something so irresistibly comic in the look of bewilderment which accompanied the ejaculation, that, despite the gravity of the occasion, his better half could scarcely suppress a smile.

"Listen to me," she said, "since you assure me you are capable of listening and understanding me. There has been mutiny and treachery on board."

Her hearer could not have felt more surprised if she had announced an earthquake.

In as few brief words as possible she informed him of the transactions of the night.

Captain Drake was not only an honest man, but a brave one. If any of our male readers, who have not yet entered that blessed state called matrimony, presume to smile at this last assertion, all we can say is—*wait*. We deny their qualification, at present, to form an opinion. "Experience teacheth," says the copy-book—a very useful lesson for men as well as school-boys.

"Infamous!" he exclaimed. "I will have no such doings on board the Snake."

"Where are you going?" demanded his wife, as he turned to quit the cabin.

"To seek Mr. Welby."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"If you think best."

"Of course I think it best. He knows already what he has to expect should he attempt to renew his infamous conduct. It is not that which renders me unquiet."

"What then?"

"His menaces."

"Menaces!" repeated the husband, his honest countenance flushing with manly indignation. "Has any one dared to menace you on board my vessel?"

Had he been less excited, the speaker, in all probability, would have said "our vessel."

Mrs. Drake repeated the observation about the Mississippi being nearer than the Mersey. The old sailor knit his brow as he listened to it.

"What do you think?" asked his wife—an act of considerable condescension upon her part. "Can Mr. Bentley be a partner to any scheme."

"No."

"Think well over the circumstances."

"No," repeated the captain; "he has too great an interest at stake. Bentley! the richest merchant in Manchester! an Englishman, too! Impossible. But he may have been tricked, duped by the plausible promises of his partner in the speculation."

The lady nodded approvingly; the same thoughts had suggested themselves to her.

"I think I had better consult him," added the speaker.

"Well, perhaps you had," answered Mrs. Drake, slowly.

"And should anything occur to justify our suspicions?"

"Change your course," replied his wife. "Are our guns in fit order?"

"They shall be seen to."

"We can rely upon our crew?"

"To a man," replied the captain, hesitatingly; "but——"

"But what?"

"I suppose, my dear, you are acquainted with maritime law?"

"I know the laws of the merchant service," observed the petticoat commander.

"It is death to resist a vessel of war."

"Death?"

"At the yard-arm."

"In that case, never mind the guns," said his better half, after a pause, during which she weighed in her mind all the circumstances of the case. "Better to lose the ship than risk the lives of so many brave men. We must trust to our sails, a fair wind, and the protection of Providence."

"Amen, my love."

"And now," continued the lady, "one word: till we arrive in port, nothing stronger than six-water grog. You understand me?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Go on deck, and send the steward to me."

Shortly after the captain had quitted the cabin, Blanche awoke from her long refreshing slumber. When she recognized her protectress seated in the same spot, with the Bible upon her knees, exactly as she saw her before closing her eyes in sleep, she held out her hands and thanked her.

"I suppose," observed the Englishwoman, with a smile, "you can trust me now?"

"Trust you! now and always. Forgive my——"

"It was very natural," interrupted Mrs. Drake, good-humoredly; "done just the same in your place. You must make a good breakfast. Nothing like sea air for an appetite."

"Do you remain with me?" inquired Blanche, anxiously.

"Of course, my dear. Till we arrive in port I do not intend to leave you for an instant."

John Bentley felt exceedingly uneasy at the story of the captain; if vague suspicions of Welby's intentions had flashed across his mind, he had dismissed them instantly, as the creation of an over-anxious brain.

Twice he made the narrator repeat the threats, word for word.

"Impossible!" he muttered, half aloud; "he can never be such a villain. He must have some sense of honor."

The honest sailor pronounced the name of Blanche.

His hearer colored slightly.

"I do not pretend to excuse his conduct to her," he continued. "Where women are concerned, some men think every means lawful to arrive at the gratification of their desires, and yet act justly in their relations to those of their own sex. Welby may be one of them."

"*He may.*"

"His loss in the event of treachery, would nearly equal mine."

"You allude to the cargo?"

"Yes."

"And how about the ship? The Snake would prove a valuable prize; sound oak, English built: to say nothing of the satisfaction the Yankees would feel in condemning her," observed her commander. "By-the-by, did Welby ever tell you that he had been at sea?"

"Never."

"He must have passed years upon the water," continued the sailor. "I can tell it by his step, the critical eye with which he examined the build of the Snake, her rigging, when he first came on board. I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out, after all, that he was an officer in the American navy. Hush! he is coming towards us."

Bentley repressed the expression of surprise upon his lips; but the suspicions of the speaker had taken sudden and firm hold of his mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St. Germain, curiosity led him to experiment upon a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel-organ. These animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks; such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several dances with a dog.

All this, it may be said was very ridiculous. No doubt it was; at the same time the results showed the power of culture in subduing natural propensities. Bisset's teaching of cats was a signal instance of this power. Having procured three kittens, he began their education with his usual patience. He at length taught these miniature tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several regular tunes, having music books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well-known Cat's Opera, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys and the cats went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over the animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs, until it became a good, stout hare. He taught canary birds, linnets and sparrows to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats. He trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular contra-dance. He also taught a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog.

A MISER IN HIGH LIFE.

Lord Barco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule—"Get all you can, and keep all you can get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he carefully cleaned. A beggar passing at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying it was not worth a nobleman's attention. "Fin' a farthing to yoursel', puir body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin in his breeches pocket. In addition to being his own farthing finder, his lordship was his own factor and rent collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent, happened to be deficient a farthing. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to pay the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship: "Now, Barco, I would gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud and siller ye hae." "Well, mon," replied Barco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly for, and in consideration of the aforesaid sum, in hand first well and truly paid, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin.—"Now," says the farmer, "I'm as rich as yoursel'." "Ay, mon," said his lordship, "how can that be?" "Because I've seen it—and you can do no mair."

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?

At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked: "Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing-birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is autumn!* And when it is sere winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the *stars* shine."

—Happiness is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe; and where she is not, it were better that nothing should be. Without her, wisdom is but a shadow, virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress; for her alone they labor; to enjoy and to communicate her, is their effort, and the consummation of their toil.

—Politeness, like running water, smoothes the most rugged stone.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

OUT OF THE DEPTH.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Clinging to this promontory,
Shall I see or shall I hear
The moon and stars in glory
Overthrilling heaven's high vast,
I had climbed in, but my mortal
Chins between me and the portal
So I could not see, for darkness,
Which way led the better road;
And I, standing of my sureness,
From the soapy rope cut God
Fled toward the unknown Sea
Or I had work'd upon?

Hide me in some dead shade,
Hacking mountains fat and hide!
Hacking finds, with Death's baptism
Clever me from God I avoid—
I see blind and not with shame,
Shall I dwindle call or name!
* * * I am but a pain, soul, woman,
Father! Father! Father!
Keep this child out of my hollow,
Suffering, bleeding, lone heart,
For His sake, who once for me
Drained Death's lore—Gethsemane!

If it be as of my wishing,
To comfort this mortal breath,
(From the nadir of my misery
To my horizon of death)
Wash the stranger white as wool,
In thy mercy comfort! * * *

Then a thunderbolt was shivered
On the blackness where I stood;
And a new bolt, pitiless-severed,
Darted, and caught the smile of God;
And a white, anguish hand
Reached inward me from that land!
Reached—and led me to the shore
Of Independence, where I stand,
Where I see the Father's sweet forgiving
Of my blind and halting faith,
That the red waves of His love
Cleanse me, of a verity!

Thro' my Father's sweet forgiving
Of my blind and halting faith,
Of my sin and my misery,
I have lost to rise my head,
And the shores are bright with angels,
Coming to me as strangers
Now the hills are wrapped in splendor,
And the sun breaks into heat—
And all heaven, melodious, tender
Swells the mighty "Welcome Home!"
In this temple seagh-ind,
Le! I fall before Thee—Gui!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 25.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUBLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH WILD DOGS.

The rainy season was past, and the spring opened warm and bright, with its shady warning and brightness of spring time as comes to gladden the spirit in our own climate—but with the parching warmth that dries up the streams, and bakes the surface of the earth. Our preparations were all made for departure, and the natives were collected to see us off. Our horses and oxen came out well. Of the oxen not one had died, but all had become better and stronger than when we traversed them out. We had had several of our horses to perish—but we had enough to serve us until we could find more, which we hoped to do when we reached the settlements upon the grass river to the north-east.

Tekonny and his two brothers, Boobon and Zooky, were to go with us as guides and interpreters; and I promised myself that they would be of much service to him there. Our oxen were packed up early in the morning, and we took a fair meal, our Kossoos with fish a hundred of his people, accompanying us some miles on our way. When the chief got ready to turn back to his home, he showed very plainly that he had conceived a great affection for me. He shed tears as he held my hand for the last time, and I know that he was sincere. He begged of me to come by the way of Giuky when I returned, and to make his village my stopping-place always. I could not give him any promise; but I told him we would come that way if we could.

That afternoon we fell in with a herd of springbucks, and shot three of them; and towards night we had the good fortune to bag a fat ha-hahbin; so we had fresh meat for our supper and breakfast.

Our aim was, to reach the splendid hunting country towards the Zambesi, which, as nearly as we could calculate, was six hundred miles distant. Our the third day from Giuky, one of our wagons upset in crossing a stream, and we took one of our best cattle, which was badly dragged in the mud one whole day, but the price was great beyond measure. Another week bore stopped a week if the rest of us would have kept him company, for he found it impossible to make the entry of over seventy pounds of ivory in the list of that description. However, we got the wagon safely out, and I considered that we were very fortunate in escaping with so little as we did.

At the end of a fortnight we struck a beautiful wooded plain, where game was plenty. There were buffaloes, wildebeests, and antelopes of various kinds; and we concluded to remain there a few days for sport. Accordingly we selected a favorable spot for our camp, and then we went out under the guidance of the boy and dog a lot of shooting-holes. These shooting-holes, it will be understood, are simply pits, about four feet deep, and large enough to admit of two persons. They are dug in a path that hunter encounters himself, and there waits for his game. If, however, the game does not come within shooting distance of its own accord, attendants are sent out to drive it.

We had one row of holes by the edge of an open plain, and here, on the first night, we had capital luck, bringing down four buffaloes and two fine wildebeests. The latter, however, we retired some new holes; but the night was favorable, and we did not mean with very good success. On the third night we secreted ourselves by our old holes again, and waited the dawn, and had not long to wait. Then, however, I declared that he could not stand there any longer, and I could see only any object at its hole, and yet sleep he must have. So he climbed out, with his rifle upon his shoulder, and stared off. I asked him if he was sure he could see the way back to camp. He laughed tremendously at the idea of his not being able to find his way anywhere; and furthermore declared that, if it were not so dark, he would walk home and wait in one of the dead buffaloes. He went away, leaving Harry and me alone. After had not come out with us, having had a slight touch of the "shakes" on the previous afternoon; and he had remained in camp to dose himself with old Dr. Millett's fever-tea. About was subject to these spells, and sometimes they were severe. While in the Southwest he had taken the fever and ague badly, and the tendency to "shaky spells" had not left him.

The pit which Harry occupied was about a hundred yards from mine, towards a point of shrubbery that made out abruptly into the plain; and he had taken that position as that game coming from beyond that quarter might pass close by him before it came within my range. It was about half-past twelve when Ben left us, and as soon as he was gone I called out to Harry and informed him that I was going to take a short nap. He replied that he was about to do the same thing. Hand knows a lot of sailor-board boughs into my hole, and having so arranged my affairs that I would not regret for immediate use, I lay down and closed my eyes.

I was not long in falling asleep, and for while I slept very soundly. At length, however, I had a dream.

Some psychological philosophers have arrived at the conclusion that no person can dream in less than a few seconds at a time. They say that the disturbing cause which produces the dream is instantaneous in its advance, and that what is impressed upon the waking mind as a violent, or pleasant, or long duration, was but the simple flash of mental perception, taking in a broad area of incidents as the eye takes in, at a single sweep, the thousand details of a landscape.

This may all be true. I am not able to deny it. But, for myself, I know that on the night I dreamed a full hour. At first I sat upon the stump of my own camp-fire, and looked out into the mazes of our bend. It seemed to be a scene of old times. Whit Virgin was the leader, and

A little while the scene was soft and sweet, and then the lips of the young girl trembled, and sighs, and sighs, and the notes became dull and monotone. Still the men played, laughing with all their might, their cheeks distending, and their eyes ready to start out of their heads. Presently the brazen instruments squeaked out terrific discords, and the drum-beats became terrible. The drums, which had at first seemed muffled, now rang out crash and grating, and the drummers beat upon them with all their might, and the fiddlers tugged at him to stop; but the man who had been playing the drum-major's part was taken his place, and he was the worst one of the crew, and found that the music had been completely changed. My friends and strangers were in their places. Anew came another change. The musical instruments disappeared, and tambourines, banjos, and hurdy-gurdys took their place. Merry! what a noise! The confusion at Babel could not have been worse—stiff that followed, though I tried to shut out the awful din. Awhile I remained still, and then another change. The musicians had all become monkeys, and every monkey had a tin drum, upon which he beat with diabolical fury. This lasted for some time, and then the monkeys formed into a procession, and advanced towards me, beating and chattering all the while like so many demons. This was more than I could bear, and I attempted to frighten the intruders away. As I came upon them with a rush, they fled in confusion, and the banjos, the tin-pans, and the monkeys, had been all the creations of a dream. One more scene fills of them—perhaps a hundred—were playing upon their instruments, and I was surrounded by my power to number, were dashing to and fro, screaming and gesticulating like mad. I do not think I overstate the matter when I say that there were a thousand of them in my camp. They were wallah-looking beasts, with shaggy hair, long tails, and covered with coarse, shaggy hair. As soon as I discovered them, the whole outcome of them came dashing towards me with one accord. I was not long in doubt enough for me to see that the dead buffaloes were the stuff that they wanted, and I knew that the ravenous beasts would devour me with my blood.

I saw the troop advancing upon me, I confess that, for the moment, my knees shook at the knees, and my heart sank. But the next moment, snapping lions attacked me, how was I to escape? Instantly I looked towards Harry's hole, and there saw the muzzle of his gun resting on the edge of it. I held my breath, and grasped my rifle for a moment. Then I thought of Harry's hole, and of my own camp-fire at home, and I looked for the dogs that had not yet paid attention to him. I saw that they were approaching me from all sides, and